

# MONTANA

*the magazine of western history*



THE PEACE TALK, a major C. M. Russell oil from the Hammer Gallery collection, N. Y.

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# MONTANA

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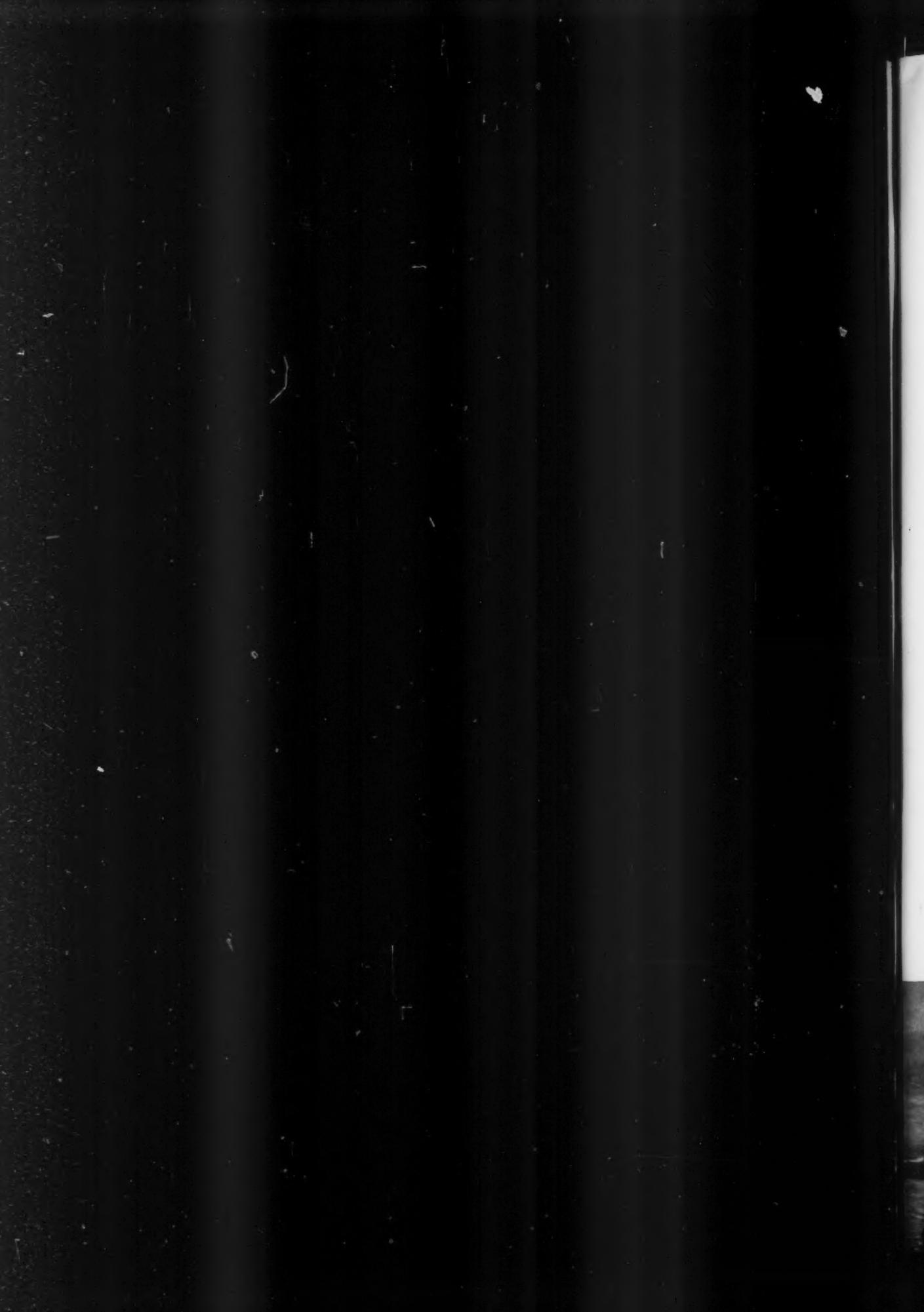
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ABOUT THE COVER. One of the most impressionable of C. M. Russell's countless frontier experiences was his intimate sojourn with the Blood Indians of Canada, from the fall of 1888 until early spring of 1889. It opened his great heart and mind to as full an understanding of the northern Plains Indians as has ever been acquired by any American artist. It provided the inner source for many of his greatest paintings during the remaining 37 years of his life. "The Peace Talk," a magnificent oil, done about mid-1890, is certainly one of these. One gains the impression that the center figure is of Sleeping Thunder, principal chief of this band, who gave C.M.R. the name "Ah-Wah-Cous" (Antelope), encouraged his romance with Kee-Oh-Mee (whom he almost married), and sat with him under similar circumstances in the lodge of the patriarchal warrior hero Medicine Whip. It appears that one of the great companion paintings of this is "Three Generations" in the R. W. Norton Art Foundation collection (Louisiana). To our knowledge, "The Peace Talk" has never been previously reproduced; and for this privilege we are deeply indebted to Victor Hammer of Hammer Galleries, N. Y.





# MONTANA the magazine of western history

*Our Purpose: To Preserve, Publish, Promote and Perpetuate Western History . . .*

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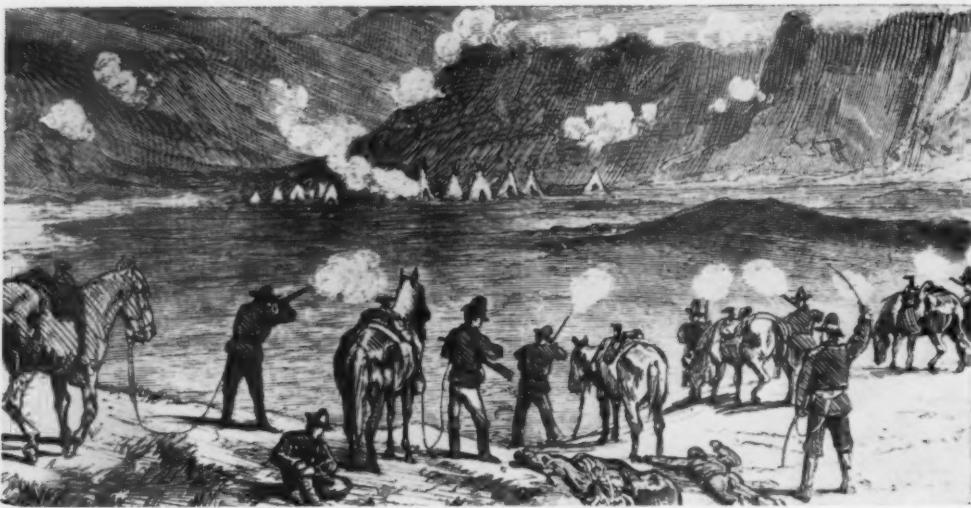
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# “BULLETS BUZZING LIKE BEES”



BATTLE OF THE BEAR'S PAW from an early drawing.

THE TROOPS which experienced combat with the Plains Indians, from 1865 to 1891, were nearly all United States Regulars. No militia or short term volunteer “boys” there; most of them were rigidly disciplined, and, after about 1880, well trained fighting men. Emphasizing this difference between Regulars and volunteer “boys” of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars, General George A. Forsyth said of the Regular: “From the moment he joins his regiment as a new recruit he is taught that he is a man, and a man’s full duty as a soldier is expected of him, and nothing less will be tolerated.”<sup>1</sup>

The vast majority of Indian-fighting Regulars accepted and lived up to these requirements, but as individuals they were susceptible in varying degrees to combat fears and apprehensions common to most men—discipline and training making the difference.

Seventh Cavalryman John R. Nixson wrote that no combat Regular was ever likely to forget “. . . the first time on the firing line . . . bullets buzzing like bees . . . [you] rubbed skin off the nose trying to duck into the ground. . . .”<sup>2</sup>

Reasonably apprehensive of combat with the Sioux and Cheyenne at the opening of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Sgt. John Ryan commented on the soldiers’ feelings when he described the initial attack on the Indian camp:

Lieutenant Varnum, a very brave officer in command of the scouts, rode ahead . . . he swung his hat around in the air and sung out to the men; “Thirty days furlough to the man who

gets the first scalp.” We were very anxious for the furlough, but not so particular about the scalp.<sup>3</sup>

Recruits were usually the most prone to unreasonable combat apprehensions, and in some cases deserted rather than face the fierce warriors of the plains; as was reported to be the case in 1866, when the newly re-organized 18th Infantry marched north from the Overland Trail to occupy the Bozeman Trail.<sup>4</sup>

Regular attitudes towards the Plains Indians were deeply influenced by prevailing frontier views of “a good Indian is a dead Indian” and were heavily

<sup>1</sup> Brigadier General George A. Forsyth, *The Story of the Soldier* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1900), 134.

<sup>2</sup> John R. Nixson, 7th Cavalry, “Memories,” in *Winners of the West*, Vol. XV, No. 7 (July, 1938), 6.

<sup>3</sup> Sergeant John Ryan, 7th Cavalry, 1866-76, “Custer’s Last Fight” in *The Billings [Montana] Times*, July 5, 1923.

<sup>4</sup> General William H. Bisbee, “Items of Indian Service [1866-68 diary entries],” in *Proceedings of the Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Order of Indian Wars of the United States, Held January 19, 1928* (Publisher, and place of publication not shown, 1928).

# A Grass-Roots Compendium of Pertinent Comments By Regular Troopers; Including the Hell, Humor And Off-Beat Incongruities of the Indian Wars

by Don Rickey, Jr.

Pen and ink illustrations by J. K. Ralston

freighted with social and cultural conflicts. Mutilation of dead enemies, torture and abuse of helpless prisoners, treachery, and innate "cussedness" were some of the practices and characteristics soldiers ascribed to the Plains Indians and which bred a deep seated animosity toward them. Such anti-Indian bias often engendered a "same breed of cats" view of all Indians. A band of what proved to be friendly Arikara Indians was seen moving north, from the Missouri River, near Ft. Buford in July, 1876. Captain Simon Snyder's Company F, 5th Infantry, enroute via steamboat to re-inforce General Terry on the Yellowstone, was put ashore to reconnoitre. "I never saw men so crazy for a fight as mine were when we gained the rear of the Indians' camp," wrote the Captain, "and it was with the greatest difficulty that I restrained them from [firing] . . . on the poor Indians."<sup>5</sup>

Discipline was at times as essential in forestalling trouble as in controlling it. A lieutenant commanding a twenty-man detachment of 2nd Cavalrymen was in pursuit of horse thieves in northern Montana in 1882. The soldiers unexpectedly came upon a large band of Sioux, who, believing themselves the object of pursuit, opened fire on the troops. "We were not allowed to fire back," said Pvt. James B. Wilkinson, "we were ordered to sit still and take it [until the lieutenant could parlay]. We

soldiers had wanted to fire back, but they could have wiped us out very easily, our officer knew best."<sup>6</sup>

Regular soldiers were not always so successfully controlled by their officers in combat situations. After the Battle of Wounded Knee, a body of Sioux began firing into the agency at Pine Ridge. Indian police were sent out to disperse them, and a detachment of infantry was on the agency grounds. "We had a general . . . Brooks [sic]," explained Sgt. Washington McCardle, "we stood in line 500 yards from the Indians who was firing on us and General Brooks wanted us to wait for orders from Washington. We did not wait."<sup>7</sup>

Field service on Indian campaigns was physically exhausting, far from what crude comforts the home post offered, and potentially dangerous. After several weeks in the field, some men were eager to close with the hostile quarry and end the chase. Early in June, 1876, General Terry told his men that they would march back to Ft. Abraham Lincoln as soon as Sitting Bull's band was taken. "I wish for mine part we would meet him tomorrow." Wrote 7th Cavalry Trumpeter Henry Dose, "Sergt. Botzer and me come to the conclusion, it is better anyhow to be home baking flapjacks."<sup>8</sup> Trumpeter Dose baked his last flapjack sometime before the afternoon of June 25, when he fell at the Little Big Horn.

Troops actively campaigning against Indians were more likely to experience some type of combat than were those

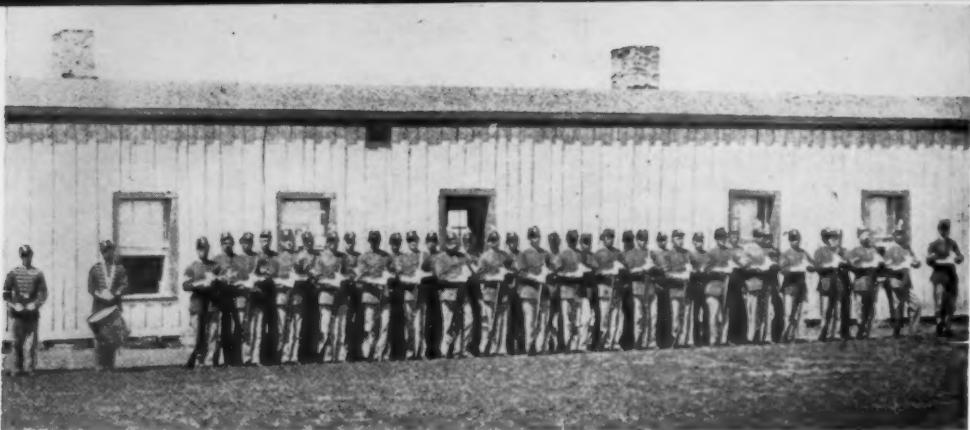
Don Rickey, Jr., former historian at the Custer Battlefield National Monument in Montana, is now historian for the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial in St. Louis and is deeply involved in planning its new museum of westward expansion. This article is based on a paper read at the April 21, 1961, meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association. It reveals a richness of original research and a freshness of approach into little known facets of the military, volunteer and regular, in the Indian Wars, that is singularly appealing.

<sup>5</sup> Captain Simon Snyder, Co. F, 5th Infantry, to his Mother, MS, July 30, 1876, Snyder-Ronayne Collection, Custer Battlefield National Monument, Crow Agency, Montana.

<sup>6</sup> Private James B. Wilkinson, 2nd Cavalry, 1882-87, Indian Wars Veterans Questionnaire, July, 1954; in personal file of Don Rickey, Jr. All questionnaires hereinafter cited as IWVQ.

<sup>7</sup> Sergeant Washington McCardle, 1890, IWVQ.

<sup>8</sup> Trumpeter Henry Dose, 7th Cavalry, to his wife, MS, June 8, 1876. In possession of Mrs. William Boland, Sturgis, South Dakota.



FORT BUFORD, constructed in 1868 by the government from materials salvaged from historic Fort Union near the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers on Montana's east central border, is pictured in the early 1870's, garrisoned by the Sixth Infantry. Buford was located eight miles down the Missouri from Fort Union, and was manned by Infantry companies throughout the 1870's.

who remained in garrison, but western Regulars also frequently fought Indians while acting as escorts to wagon trains, on sentry at camp or post, and when acting as small, detached garrisons of Indian Agencies, stage stations, and other isolated places. Plains warriors were essentially raiders, masters of lightning attacks and quick withdrawals. Pitched battles and toe-to-toe combat were not their chosen modes of warfare, as casualties were found to be plentiful and opportunities for plunder were lessened. A sergeant and thirty 1st Infantrymen garrisoned the Ponca Agency in 1875. A large war party of Sioux attacked this government-assigned headquarters of their old enemies, but were deterred from attempting an all-out assault by the steady small arms fire of the infantrymen and the fact that the soldiers were firing stones and scrap iron from an old cannon. The Sioux contented themselves with individual feats of daring and ineffective long range gunfire. Only two soldiers were slightly wounded, though many hundreds of shots were fired by both sides. "Many people," explained 1st Infantryman John E. Cox, "then and since, did not understand the slight casualties that usually accompanied Indian fighting," because they did not understand the Plains Indians' concepts and methods of warfare.<sup>9</sup>

Serious casualties were most likely to occur as the result of carelessness, when

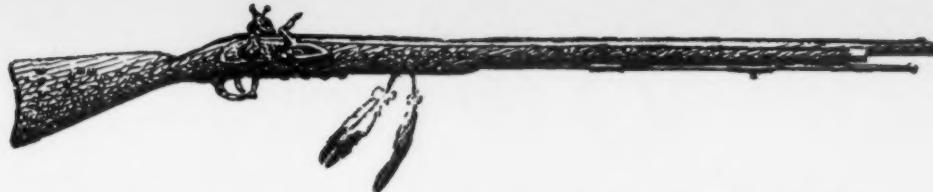
Indian raiders could slip up on the heedless or spring a surprise ambush. Many Indian campaign casualties, to both sides, took the form of bushwhacking. Writing of his 1866 experiences in the 18th Infantry, James D. Lockwood commented that having temporarily left the main command, while route marching up the Bozeman Trail, he came upon a mounted Indian and shot the warrior in the back before the Indian even knew he had been seen.<sup>10</sup>

Though most plains Indian Wars combat was experienced in light brushes and skirmishes, numerous small scale but bloody pitched battles were fought. During the 1860's and 1870's, the Sioux and Cheyenne could easily mass two to three thousand warriors for a battle. The morning of June 17, 1876, the hills fringing the northern side of the Rosebud Valley were covered by at least fifteen hundred war-ready Sioux and Cheyenne come to halt General Crook's advance. Painted, feathered, armed and superbly mounted, the Indians were an awesome sight. "All the Indians in the world seemed gathered right there in front of our troops and the hospital tent where I was stationed," wrote former enlisted man H. S. Bryan, "I saw

<sup>9</sup> John E. Cox, 1st Infantry, "Soldiering in Dakota Territory in the Seventies: A Communication," in *North Dakota History*, Vol. VI, No. 1 (October, 1931), 64.

<sup>10</sup> James D. Lockwood, *Life and Adventures of a Drummer-Boy* (Albany, N. Y.: John Skinner, 1893), 143.

<sup>11</sup> Major H. S. Bryan, "A Talk Delivered at Custer Camp No. 4, United Indian War Veterans, San Francisco, California, March 23, 1939, on the Battle of the Rosebud," MS, Historical Files, United Indian War Veterans, San Francisco. Hereinafter cited as: UIWV Files.



enough Indians to last me the rest of my life."<sup>11</sup> The sight was no doubt even more compelling to the men sent forward as skirmishers.

Men assigned to go ahead of the main command, in skirmish formation, naturally felt themselves to be in the most dangerous position. Pvt. Harvey J. Ciscel, 8th Cavalry, was one of a thin line of skirmishers sent out by Colonel E. V. Sumner to confront a band of potentially hostile Sioux in December, 1890. Going forward at a walk, with carbines at the "advance," the troopers neared the Sioux. "I felt like every one of them painted devils was looking at me as their first target."<sup>12</sup> Ciscel added that though the Sioux surrendered, he and his mates were sure that the Colonel had hoped the Indians would fight, so he could fall on them with the main command.

Another Cavalryman, William G. Wilkinson, recounted his experiences as a member of one of the two 8th Cavalry troops sent to back up the Sioux Indian police ordered to arrest Sitting Bull at his village on Grand River, South Dakota, just before dawn on December 15, 1890. Waiting on a hillside near the village, the soldiers heard gunfire when Sitting Bull's followers resisted the police. Captain E. G. Fechet ordered the men to prepare for action, unlimber numbed trigger fingers, and remove their overcoats. "We were getting pretty low spirited and that didn't help us any," wrote Pvt. Wilkinson. "Lt. Brooks said, 'Captain, I think we could die just as well with our coats on'. The Captain, who was inclined to profanity, said, 'Well, God Dammit, keep them on!' This created a laugh and raised our spirits." Wilkinson was one of eight men sent ahead, into the village, as skirmishers. "That meant we were to draw fire first," continued Wilkinson, "it gave us a peculiar feeling, to go forward like that, in the dark not being able to see

what is in front of you, not knowing what minute a bullet with your number on it is coming your way. It is not so bad if you can see where you are going."<sup>13</sup> Pvt. Jesse G. Harris, 7th Cavalry, recalled his feelings when he was posted as advance skirmish flanker when the 7th Cavalry neared Pine Ridge Agency in December, 1890. "I was put about one quarter mile in front and one half mile to the right of the command, with orders if I met any hostile Indians to shoot and fall back—and I was ready to do just that, anytime."<sup>14</sup>

Men approaching what were believed to be dangerous areas were understandably liable to be somewhat jumpy. Second Infantryman Richard T. Burns was one of a detachment of men approaching tension-charged Pine Ridge Agency, at night, in December, 1890. The soldiers were cautioned not to light matches and to talk only in whispers. Even the Civil War veterans and other seasoned men, said Burns, ". . . were getting pretty nervous before daybreak and began slipping cartridges into their rifles and the officers warning them not to do so."<sup>15</sup>

Indians were believed to be masters of stealth and deceit, with treachery an ever present danger with even supposedly friendly or surrendered Indians.

<sup>12</sup> Private Harvey J. Ciscel, 8th Cav., IWWQ, Aug., 1954.

<sup>13</sup> Private William G. Wilkinson, 8th Cavalry, 1886-91. "The Death of Sitting Bull," MS, lent by author (1954) to Don Rickey, Jr.

<sup>14</sup> Private Jesse G. Harris, D Troop, 7th Cavalry, 1889-92, to Don Rickey, Jr., MS, June 25, 1954.

<sup>15</sup> Richard T. Burns, 2nd Infantry, 1890. "Campaign of 1890-91," in *Winners of the West*, Vol. XV, No. 3 (March, 1938), 6.





The main cause of the Lame Deer Fight was believed by the soldiers to have been Indian treachery. General Nelson A. Miles' cavalry and mounted infantry found Lame Deer's band of Minnieconjou Sioux camped near what is now Lame Deer, Montana, May 7, 1877. Miles hoped to parlay with the hostiles and negotiate their surrender. Fifth Infantryman Luther Barker was present: ". . . Lame Deer and Iron Star rode up to General Miles in a friendly way, and when near they called out, 'How, John?' and drew their guns and fired at the General, but killed his orderly."<sup>16</sup> Action spread quickly, and the hostile village was captured.

When a general combat developed, frontier Regulars, infantry and cavalry alike, usually fought dismounted, on firing lines having intervals of about three yards between men. At the start of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, wrote Sgt. John Ryan, "Lt. Hodgson walked up and down the line, encouraging the men to keep cool and fire low."<sup>17</sup> More hits were made this way and abdominal wounds were more likely to be fatal, hence the admonition to "fire low." Sometimes combat developed suddenly, before dismounted firing lines could be established. In such cases, said 1876 Pawnee scout Ahrekahrard, "the group formations of the army made a bigger target, but army marksmanship was better and steadier."<sup>18</sup> The scout added that in his experience, only about one in three of the Sioux and Cheyenne hostiles of 1876-77 had breech-loading,

metallic cartridge arms, and of these very few were really good riflemen.<sup>19</sup>

Once a skirmish or firing line had been established, soldiers usually were on their own, firing as opportunity afforded. "After lying down and taking sights, the soldiers would take sighting shots at a certain spot . . . to give them the range . . .," explained Wounded Knee veteran Clarence H. Allen.<sup>20</sup> Most combat took place at ranges over 200 yards.

Frontier Regulars generally did not experience prolonged, sustained battle conditions on the firing line, as few engagements lasted longer than one day. However, there were exceptional cases, such as the Battle of Bear's Paw Mountain, September 30-October 5, 1877, when General Miles' 7th Cavalry and 5th Infantry soldiers attacked and surrounded Chief Joseph's camp of Nez Perce hostiles. Captain Snyder noted that his Company F, 5th Infantry had been in the lines, through sleet and snow, without cover, for the better part of five days when relieved October 4.<sup>21</sup> Discipline, toughness, and persistence enabled Miles to keep the Nez Perce pinned down and to force their surrender. A trumpeter, who had shielded

<sup>16</sup> Luther Barker, 5th Infantry, 1877, to William Moore, MS, January 30, 1928, UIWV File.

<sup>17</sup> Sergeant John Ryan, 7th Cavalry, 1866-76 "Custer's Last Fight." Advice to fire low so as to inflict abdominal wounds was included in 1884 *Soldier's Handbook* p. 53.

<sup>18</sup> Pawnee Scout Ahrekahrard [Rush Roberts], UIWVQ, August, 1954.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>20</sup> Private Clarence H. Allen, G Troop 7th Cavalry 1887-91, "My Experiences in the Seventh Cavalry, Known as Custer's Regiment." MS, given to Don Rickey, Jr., by author in 1954, 12.

<sup>21</sup> "Diary of Captain Simon Snyder, Co. F, 5th Infantry, for the Year 1877," MS, Snyder-Ronayne Collection, "Oct. 4 . . ."

CHIEF JOSEPH SURRENDERS to General Nelson A. Miles after the Battle of Bear's Paw in October, 1877, in this painting by E. S. Paxson. Some reactions of the individual soldier involved in this battle, which lasted longer than most Indian-white encounters, are told in this article.



his captain and taken a serious wound in the early part of the fight, had been left for dead when the troops withdrew to better defense lines at dark, September 30. The next morning he was seen to be still alive, and was brought in by his friends. "I'm the man you left on the ridge . . .," he told the surgeon, "if you are going to probe my wound with a finger, as you did last night, please cut the nail off!"<sup>22</sup> Western Regulars not only showed toughness in this action, but personal initiative as well. A corporal and an Indian sniper engaged in a sort of duel; said Albert J. Davis, "I saw . . . [the Indian] later, when a white flag went up, he was well punctured, the corporal had wormed over to him, scalped him and dragged back his fixings, also his gun, and this during hot action."<sup>23</sup>

Regular troops fought major Indian engagements in much the same way as did the Indians, except that they were usually under some measure of direction by their officers. In serious situations, officers frequently were compelled to make fast, arbitrary decisions. Pinned down on three sides by large numbers of Sioux riflemen posted on high ground, 7th Cavalry troops were in a tight situation at Drexel Mission, White Clay Creek, South Dakota, December 30, 1890. Ammunition was running low, explained Private Jesse G. Harris, so he and a few other "D" Troop men were sent back for cartridges. Returning with the heavy thousand-round boxes, Harris said, "T' troop Captain Nowland [Nowlan] asked me where we were going, and the men carrying the boxes told him [that] Captain Moylan had ordered them to take



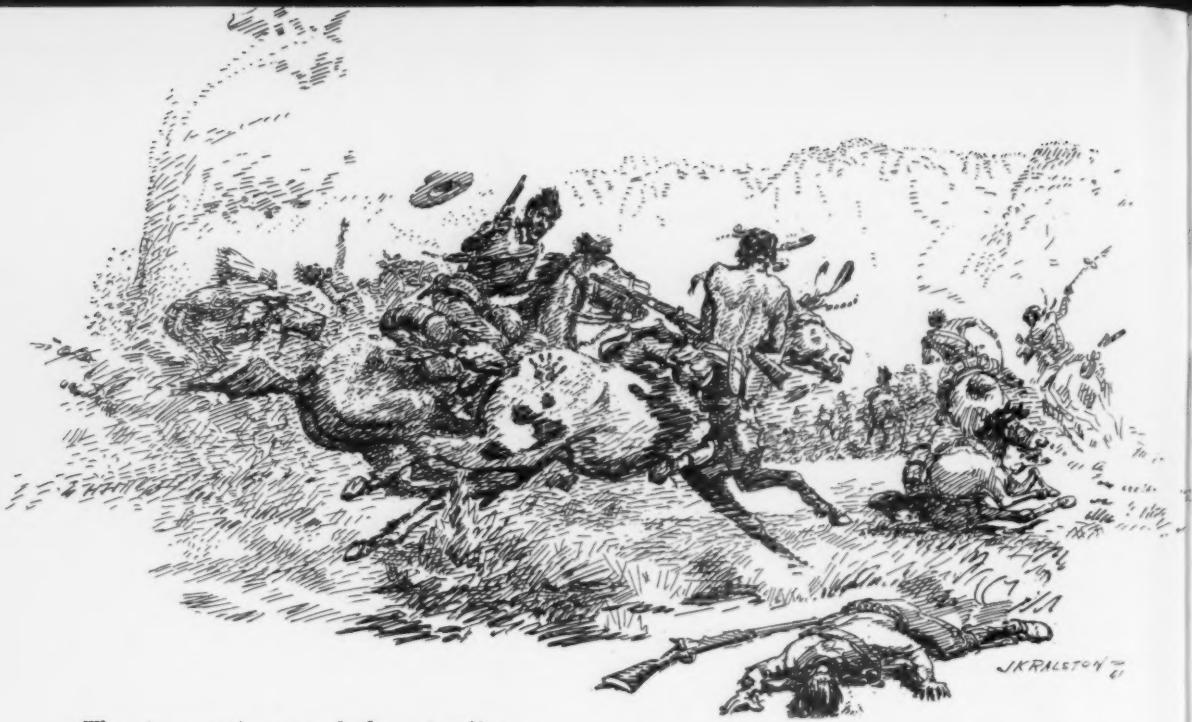
it to 'A' Troop—he [Nowlan] ordered us to deliver it to him—they hesitated—the Captain pointed his .45 Colt at them, and they left the boxes . . . we found out afterwards that half his men had only one round of ammunition."<sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Ami Frank Mulford, *Fighting Indians in the 7th United States Cavalry* (Corning, N. Y.: Paul Lindsley Mulford, 1878), 122.

<sup>23</sup> Albert J. Davis, 7th Cavalry, 1876-77, "Letter," in *Winners of the West*, Vol. VI, No. 9 (August, 1929), 3.

<sup>24</sup> Private Jesse G. Harris, to Don Rickey, Jr., MS, June 25, 1954.





The imperative need for steadiness and discipline in combat is well illustrated by an instance where they were lacking. Major Reno's retreat, back across the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, was entirely unorganized and gave the Sioux and Cheyenne all the opportunity and encouragement they needed to inflict heavy casualties on the soldiers. Riding in among the troopers, warriors shot down many at close range before the cavalrymen could gain the east bank of the river. Private William Morris was one of those who did manage to ford the river. Wrote Morris:

I remember saying to Tom Gordon [as we struggled up the east bank bluffs] "It was pretty hot down there!" He answered, "You'll get used to it shavetail." As he spoke there came a rain of bullets . . . Gordon fell dead with a bullet in the brain; Bill the Tinker was shot through the throat and fell from his horse. I was shot through the left breast, by a Big Indian close to me, but managed to stay on my horse and reached the top of the bluff . . .<sup>25</sup>

Reno's men re-formed on the bluffs, but the panic retreat had cost many casualties.

The action at Wounded Knee, December 29, 1890, came as a complete surprise to the soldiers involved. "We were

not expecting any trouble [in disarming Big Foot's Sioux] until it really started," wrote Pvt. J. G. Harris.<sup>26</sup>

The only command heard (and we were mounted) was "Prepare to dismount," stated Pvt. Clarence H. Allen. We went off our horses—some on one side, some on the other. Every fourth man was supposed to take the horses back, but a lot of them didn't. The horses were simply turned loose and ran wherever they wanted to. As soon as we got off, we immediately laid down as quickly as we could and got a shot in. In the meantime, the two troops that had formed the hollow, dismounted square [around the warriors] dropped, ran—did anything they could to get away.<sup>27</sup>

Private Harris continued his account, writing that ". . . Captain Godfrey was telling us not to shoot the women and kids . . . things were getting pretty hot, and our 1st Sgt. said,—'to hell with the women,' and Captain Godfrey gave the command to open fire."<sup>28</sup>

<sup>25</sup> Private William Morris, 7th Cavalry, 1876. 1913 Clipping, Package No. 35, E. B. Custer Collection, Custer Battlefield National Monument.

<sup>26</sup> Private Jesse G. Harris, to Don Rickey, Jr., MS, February 19, 1955.

<sup>27</sup> Clarence H. Allen, "My Experiences in the Seventh Cavalry . . .", 8.

<sup>28</sup> Private Jesse G. Harris, to Don Rickey, Jr., MS, February 19, 1955.



TROOP I, SEVENTH CAVALRY, is pictured at Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota a day or two after the tragic massacre at Wounded Knee in late December, 1890.



PVT. JESSE G. HARRIS of Troop D, Seventh Cavalry, is shown in full dress uniform at Ft. Riley, Kansas, in 1890. Of the Wounded Knee incident at which he was present a few months later, Pvt. Harris wrote, "things were getting pretty hot."



WAGON BOX FIGHT is depicted in this National Park Service diorama in the new Jefferson National Expansion Memorial, St. Louis, Mo., of which the author of this article is research historian. New .50 calibre breech-loading Springfield rifles were a vital factor in this August 2, 1867 battle in which less than forty 27th Infantrymen and citizen woodcutters defended themselves against 1,500 Sioux.



Combat discipline and steadiness was usually maintained among Regulars, and often proved a decisive element in operations against the Plains Indians. The difficulty and necessity of maintaining order, when directed to maneuver or carry out a strategic withdrawal under fire, was understood by most rank and file Regulars. To panic or run from an Indian fight could well

March. Some of the boys were inclined to walk fast enough to get out of line, and when one would, you could hear some of the good ones give him a good cussing out, to stay in line.<sup>29</sup>

The essence of the frontier Regulars' discipline, training, and greatest combat value is capsuled here in Private Allen's last phrase, "to stay in line."

<sup>29</sup> Clarence H. Allen, "My Experiences in the Seventh Cavalry . . ."

mean disaster. Plains Indians were usually reluctant to press home a frontal assault, but were ready to take advantage of any opportunity to strike at a confused or stampeded enemy. Describing a withdrawal from exposed positions during the December 30, 1890 fight at Drexel Mission, Private Clarence H. Allen explained:

The troops were formed into line. I was on the right of our squad and the guide was in the center. I reversed my carbine, holding the butt in the air to



# The Truth About The Hole-In-The-Wall Fight

Pulp Fictioneers Have Distorted Facts About This Fracas Between Cowmen and Rustlers in Wyoming's Outlaw Hideout

by Helena Huntington Smith

ONE OF THE most famous encounters between cowboys and rustlers in this region of the West took place in Wyoming's Hole-in-the-Wall, in 1897. Every reader of western fact and fiction is generally familiar with the tale. R. M. Divine, the doughty foreman of the CY outfit, was plagued by a band of rustlers who made their headquarters in this notorious outlaw retreat. Divine flung down the gauntlet in a published letter, in which he declared his intention of rounding up the Hole-in-the-Wall in spite of the thieves. They replied in a letter signed *Revenge Gang*, threatening him with death if he tried it.

Foreman Divine ignored their threats and led his forces into the Hole-in-the-Wall.<sup>1</sup> The Revenge Gang rode out to meet him, and a pitched battle occurred in which a rustler named Bob Smith was killed and another rustler captured. Having vanquished the bad guys in approved fashion, Divine then drove a large herd of stolen cattle home in triumph from the Hole-in-the-Wall.<sup>2</sup>

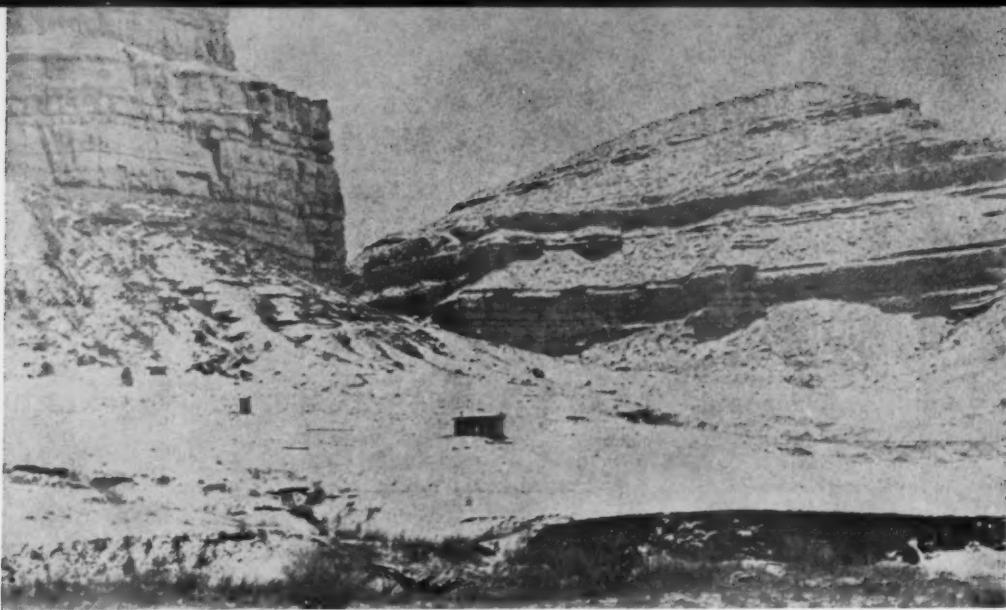
Such is the usual story. It's a good story. The only trouble with it is that a considerable part of it isn't so. It is also sadly lacking in those maturer insights which should be applied to history; yes, even to western history. Here are some specifics:

1. *The Hole-in-the-Wall fight was not a cops-and-robbers showdown between good guys and bad guys.* Bad blood existed and threats had been made. But when the fight took place it was an accidental encounter between two groups of tense and trigger-happy men, each of whom expected the other to shoot first. Since the combatants consisted of three rustlers on one side and twelve cattle-men on the other, the rustlers would

hardly have planned it that way unless they had taken leave of their wits.

2. *Divine issued no direct challenge to the rustlers before the fight; nor did the Revenge Gang pen its celebrated reply—which was not a reply—until afterwards.* Instead, both of those blood-curdling epistles were written *after* the fight, and *after* Bob Smith was dead, and *before* the second attempt at a roundup of the Hole-in-the-Wall, which

Helena Huntington Smith, co-author with the late "Teddy Blue" Abbott of the fine personal experience book, "We Pointed Them North," has a growing list of books and articles to her credit, all based on western history and founded on meticulous research in Wyoming and Montana. "Because of my interest in the West, I am often asked if I came from there," she writes. "No, I was born in New York State and live at present in Alexandria, Virginia. Why the research and the interest? Because the western country fascinates me, and I love it." Mrs. Smith, a stickler for accuracy, is noted for her sparkling style which has shown up in several articles recently published by "American Heritage." She collaborated with the late Nannie Tiffany Anderson in writing "A Bride Goes West" and is now engrossed in a book-length treatment of Wyoming's Johnson County War for which she spent six months in Wyoming doing research. The accompanying article on the Hole-in-the-Wall affair is a side dividend of that research.



HOLE-IN-THE-WALL AREA in north central Montana is shown in this photo from the University of Wyoming Library. Also known as Red Canyon, this walled-in location became a notorious hideout for outlaws because of its proximity to the Bozeman Road and Union Pacific Railroad and because it could be defended by a small group of men.

was completely successful — and in which nobody received a scratch! Very few writers or historians have even bothered to mention the second Hole-in-the-Wall roundup. What, nobody killed? Why, it wasn't even western! The truth is, however, that having written their horrendous letter, the Revenge Gang thought better of it and subsided without firing a shot.

3. *Divine failed to recover a single head of stolen stock from the Hole-in-the-Wall after the fight.* Once again the real west disdained the requirements of a model TV script—for a more sophisticated solution. Divine and company had to go back the second time, with a greatly enlarged force, before they obtained their cattle.

4. *The second roundup took place in an atmosphere so charged with tension that one spark would have set off a holocaust.* Yet stolen and strayed cattle

were recovered and wrongs were adjusted without the shedding of another drop of blood. The few genuine outlaws in the picture played a minor and inglorious role.

R. M. Divine was a fluke of history, a Missouri farmer who became one of the greatest cow foremen this region ever saw, then went home to retire on his farm.<sup>1</sup> In an era of youth he was a relatively old man, past forty when he first saw Wyoming and fifty-two at the time of his fight with the rustlers. Starting as a lowly ranch hand on the great CY, he showed such courage and energy that he soon became range boss of the entire outfit.

The Carey empire at this time extended from the Rockies into South Dakota, with headquarters very near the dead center of Wyoming, at the town of Casper on the North Platte. As the cattle roamed over thousands of square miles, some of them drifted

<sup>1</sup> The Hole-in-the-Wall is the much used word for Red Canyon, a deep gap washed through the Red Wall by the Middle Fork of Powder River in north central Wyoming, about 50 miles northwest of Casper. This 35-mile-long cut, with only one eastern entrance, was near the Bozeman Road and only about two days ride from the Union Pacific. Because of its location and easy defense by a small group of men, it became an outlaw hideout for half a century. In this region today, ranches dot the green bottoms beside Buffalo Creek and cattle and sheep graze on the hills.

<sup>2</sup> Most published accounts are based on Alfred Mokler's *History of Natrona County*, Lakeside Press, Chicago, 1923, pp. 314-18. Mr. Mokler's valuable book errs in the timing of events connected with the Hole-in-the-Wall roundup.

<sup>3</sup> The name of the CY foreman has been misspelled in print for 64 years. This writer was privileged to examine some 200 letters written by Mr. Divine between 1891 and 1897 to his immediate superior, E. T. David, manager of Senator Joseph M. Carey's CY outfit. Every letter is signed R. M. Divine. Letters from his son, J. F. Divine, also in the collection owned by Robert B. David of Casper, Wyo., prove that this was the customary spelling used by members of the family. The commoner spelling, Devine, was used in contemporary newspaper accounts of the Hole-in-the-Wall fracas, which is doubtless how the error obtained circulation. Street signs in Casper, where Divine Avenue is named after the famous foreman, spell the name correctly.

northward into the natural hideaway for outlaws which was already notorious as the Hole-in-the-Wall. More prosaically the valley of Buffalo Creek, which flowed northward into the Middle Fork of Powder River, this region of lurid renown was protected on the west by the Big Horn mountains and on the east by a mighty rampart of red sandstone, the latter extending with only three narrow openings for a distance of thirty miles. The purple prose of the pulp fictioneer has never done justice to the social complexities of the Hole-in-the-Wall, which harbored at least three elements in 1897.

First were the outlaws and scum, who descended to the relatively slow business of cattle rustling only when not engaged in gaudier and more profitable crimes. Among them were "Flat-Nosed George" Curry or Currie, one of Butch Cassidy's lieutenants; two of the Logan brothers, alias "the Roberts boys," who were also associated with the Cassidy Wild Bunch and who had murdered Johnson County under-sheriff Billy Dean that spring; bank robbers Tom O'Day and Harve Ray; and slippery Ed Starr, who had committed the despicable murder of George Wellman in 1892. A malodorous crew. But when the fight came off in mid-summer of

1897 none of them were there, since they had robbed the bank at Belle Fourche, South Dakota, a month before and had gone into hiding.

The second group were the "ranchers who rustled on the side," among whom public opinion counted the Smiths, a tough pioneer clan. There were Al Smith, his younger brother, George, their brother-in-law, Bob Smith, and the patriarch, old John R., a Civil War veteran and ex-Army bullwhacker who had been one of the first settlers in Johnson County. Only the western frontier could have produced the Smiths. They had little sense of bovine property rights and a failing for bad company, yet they were not drifters but substantial people. When wanted they could be found—like the border barons of the Middle Ages whose misdeeds theirs resembled—at home on their own land.

Finally there were the honest small ranchers whose only offense was the character of their neighbors. In those days prudence dictated that you got along with your neighbor whether you approved of him or not, and they obeyed the rule.

The gang followed the CY roundups like wolves prowling around a buffalo herd. They worked ahead, throwing

HOLE-IN-THE-WALL CABIN, probably the one where Cowboy Bob Smith died the morning after he was shot by Bob Divine in the much-publicized Hole-in-the-Wall fight. (U. of Wyo. Library, Archives and Western Hist. Dept. photo.)





"THE WILD BUNCH," part of the outlaw gang which used the Hole-in-the-Wall retreat before and after the fight recounted here. None of these nattily dressed outlaws was there at the time, however. This group picture was taken by John Schwartz at Fort Worth, Texas, during the winter of 1900-1901, after the gang had robbed a bank at Winnemucca, Nev. It is said the taking of this picture led to the final break-up of the gang, led by Butch Cassidy, right. Others in the picture, left to right, are: Harry Longabaugh, Billy Carver, Ben Kilpatrick, and the notorious "Kid" Curry.

small bunches of cattle to one side, then driving them into the Wall country to burn over the brands at their leisure. A CY was easily converted into an OXO; a C Lazy Y into a Fish. One outlet for the stolen cattle was thought to be a dishonest contractor who furnished beef for the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indian agency. Far more determined than the average foreman, Divine—who had loyal cowboys—made forays into the enemy country and brought back stolen cattle again and again—30 head in one bunch, 38 in another.<sup>4</sup>

Yet the ferocity of the hatreds went beyond any merely commercial motive for stealing one's neighbor's beef. In part it was a conflict over range; in part it was the bitter personal feud between Bob Smith and the older CY foreman, which was common knowledge long before the fight. Some of the rustlers had a penchant for letter-writing, and they threatened Divine with death should he dare to round up what they called "their" country. On one occasion Smith and three others waited in ambush for him during most of a day, but the foreman outguessed

them and took another route.<sup>5</sup> The 30-year-old cowboy who paid with his life for his mistakes was not an outlaw, but he was clearly the aggressor.

Matters came to a head by midsummer, and on July 21 a party of twelve men set out in grim expectancy for the long-overdue roundup of the Hole-in-the-Wall. They were Bob Divine, his son, Lee, and Tom McDonald for the CY; foreman Bill Rogers and two men for the Ogallala outfit; foreman Ike Dedman and two for the Pugsleys; a rep for the Half Circle L; and two Montana livestock inspectors, since it was known or suspected that even some stolen Montana cattle were being driven into the walled hideaway. They were Joe LeFors, who was watching after Montana cattle interests in the eastern part of Wyoming, and Jim Drummond who was stationed in Sheridan.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Letters of R. M. Divine May 7, 1896; Jan. 1, May 15, 16, 22, 27 and June 3, 1897. In the May 22 letter he estimated there were 20 in the rustler gang, and named eleven of them.

<sup>5</sup> The feud and ambush are referred to in the *Buffalo Bulletin*, July 29, 1897. There is also a reference to the ambush in Divine's letter of May 22.

<sup>6</sup> Details of the fight, including the make-up of the cowmen's party, are from the following newspapers: *Natrona County Tribune*, Casper, July 29, 1897; *People's Voice*, Buffalo, July 24; *Buffalo Bulletin*, July 29 and Aug. 12. Also Joe LeFors, *Wyoming Peace Officer*, Laramie Printers, Inc., 1953, pp. 60-94.

JOE LeFORS, Montana livestock inspector, was in the first party of men led by Bob Divine, who went into the Hole-in-the-Wall in 1897 to roundup cattle. LeFors was concerned with looking after Montana cattle interests in eastern Wyoming, since it was suspected that rustlers had gathered Montana cattle in the famed outlaw retreat and were busily changing brands.

(U. of Wyo. photo, Archives and Western History Dept.)

With cooks and two wagons the party entered the Hole-in-the-Wall at the lower or northern end, through the opening near the old Bar C headquarters, working southwards up the creek. By the second afternoon they had gathered 170 head without interference and had passed the time of day with several neutral residents of the Wall. In the middle of the afternoon, still working south, they met three men riding north—Al and Bob Smith and Bob Taylor. The two parties reined in and exchanged stiffly polite greetings, then rode on with Divine bringing up the rear on his side. The following is Divine's account of what happened next:

The three men rode 8 or 10 feet past us, and Bob Smith turned his horse around and reached for his six-shooter and said, 'You old s o b, I've got you now,' and shot at me. The shot hit my horse in the neck and knocked him to the ground. I returned the fire and missed him the first time and Bob Smith shot again at me which cut my shirt on the left side above the hipbone and cut my side a little; then he wheeled his horse half way around and shot at my son Lee. I took my six-shooter in both hands, took deliberate aim at him and fired, hitting him in the back. The ball went clear through and came out in front. He pitched forward in his saddle and he was done for.<sup>7</sup>

There is general agreement that Bob Smith fired first. But he testified on his death bed that Divine rode into the encounter holding his gun in his hand.

<sup>7</sup> *Natrona County Tribune*, July 29, 1897.

<sup>8</sup> The b.b Taylor version appears in A. J. Mokler, op. cit., p. 318.



Lee Divine received a flesh wound in the right forearm, but he held onto his gun and kept using it. Al Smith's six-shooter was shot out of his hand but he made his escape. Bob Taylor threw up his hands and surrendered and with that the fight was over. Several of the cowboys had declined a hero's role and had "left the scene," as someone politely expressed it.

Bob Smith, mortally hurt, had ridden 200 yards and then fallen from his horse. Accounts differ wildly as to what followed. As Bob Taylor told the story he surrendered in order to get help for Smith, but Divine's version has him shooting from ambush at the rest of them until surrounded and forced to give up.<sup>8</sup>



CATTLE BRANDING, shown here in the 1880's, was a legitimate part of the cowboy's life. But when Wyoming's Hole-in-the-Wall area became a gathering place of stolen cattle, from as far away as Montana, outlaws busily burned over regular brands to create new ones. (Historical Society of Montana photo.)



BILLY SMITH was photographed by L. A. Huffman when he was foreman of Sidney Page's camp on the upper Tongue River in about 1883. This is believed to be the same Billy Smith who 14 years later was Montana's chief stock inspector and was in the group of officers who went into Wyoming's Hole-in-the-Wall area for the second time seeking outlaws and stolen cattle.

(Historical Society photo.)

Amid the babel of excuses and conflicting versions which obscure this sorry affair, three facts stand firm: that Smith was in great pain and begging for water; that Divine refused to let any of his men go to the creek and get it for him; that Smith never got the water until the arrival of Tom Gardner of the Hole-in-the-Wall contingent, who went to the creek and brought water in his hat. In after years Divine tried to explain away his astounding action by saying that rustlers were concealed in the brush along the creek and that it would have been suicide for a CY man to have gone over there.<sup>9</sup>

He may have so believed at the time; but the record shows there were no rustlers on the creek nor at the scene, except the ones who took part in the fight and the four or five who arrived after it was over. The latter were all

<sup>9</sup> Letter of J. F. Divine to R. B. David, Dec. 9, 1929.

<sup>10</sup> *The People's Voice*, Buffalo, July 24, 1897.

disarmed on the spot with the exception of Mr. Gardner, a remarkable man from many angles, who affirmed in the soft accents of his native Texas that he had not bought his gun with a mind to giving it away, and proposed to keep it. He kept it.<sup>10</sup>

Friends of the dying cowboy moved him to the empty shack known as the Hole-in-the-Wall cabin, and sent for his young wife to come from Buffalo. He lived until nine o'clock next morning, died without uttering recriminations against the enemy, and asked that the matter be dropped after his death. During his last hours he gasped out his own infinitely moving version of the start of the fight. ". . . and when I saw Bob Divine riding along there with his gun held down behind his leg, I thought I'd better get to shooting or I'd be dead. But I guess I'll be dead anyway."<sup>11</sup> The Bob Smith story leaves one with the feeling that here was a terrible tragedy and a terrible waste.

The sequel to the fight bears little resemblance to the popular, oversimplified version. Fearing the arrival of rustler reinforcements, the roundup party galloped back to their wagons, turned loose the cattle they had gathered and pulled out of enemy territory at a lop, wagons and all.<sup>12</sup> Divine and his men, with their prisoner, rode all night and reached Casper next day, July 23. Preparations went forward at once to go back and complete the roundup.

One week later, on July 30, a small army of 54 men started converging on the rustlers' retreat. Present were the same three foremen of cow outfits who had gone the first time. Also in the group were Sheriff Al Sproul of Johnson County and a deputy, ten deputies from Natrona County, and a force of Montana stock inspectors, fifteen of them this time, headed by that state's veteran chief inspector, W. D. "Billy" Smith. And there were Sheriff Butts

<sup>11</sup> Tom Gardner to John Tisdale of Buffalo, Wyo. to the writer, September, 1960.

<sup>12</sup> Joe LeFors, op. cit., p. 88. LeFors describes the retreat of the first roundup party as a virtual rout. LeFors' version, in which he portrays himself as the sole hero and leader of both expeditions, is not confirmed by other sources.



WYOMING CATTLEMEN, who allegedly hired professional gunmen to "invade" embattled Johnson County in search of rustlers, are pictured in May, 1892 at Fort. D. A. Russell. The Hole-in-the-Wall incident five years later was a minor but much publicized aftermath of the cowman-rustler contentions in Wyoming. (U. of Wyo. photo)

and a deputy from Belle Fourche, who joined the group in hopes of finding the missing bank robbers. They were disappointed.

Before starting the second time, Divine wrote his famous letter of warning to the rustlers and gave notice that the roundup party itself would obey the law:

I have seen all sorts of reports bearing upon the John R. Smith and Nolan gang stopping the roundup from working the Hole-in-the-Wall country. They will have a hard time of it. Neither the CY boys, the Keystone nor the Pugsley outfits are hunting a fight. We are all working men and only want such cattle as belong to our employers and it is an indisputable fact that the Hole-in-the-Wall is a hiding place for thieves and has been for years. Thousands of dollars worth of cattle have been stolen by these outlaws, brands burned out and their own brands substituted. Their friends then help them to dispose of the burned cattle. Every year I have gotten back cattle from them that were taken from their mothers and lots of cattle on which the brands were changed.

I am going to work that country and have asked the sheriffs of Johnson and Natrona counties to work with us and see that everybody is treated right. The time has come for all honest working men to declare themselves in favor of law and justice. And if those men want to fight us when we know we are right, I say fight.<sup>15</sup>

Who was correct as to the timing of this letter, Historian A. J. Mokler or the contemporary press? According to Mokler it was dated July 19 and appeared in the "Casper Tribune" [sic]

<sup>15</sup> Natrona County Tribune, Aug. 5, 1892. Italics the author's.

<sup>16</sup> Natrona County Tribune, July 29, 1897. Italics the author's.

before the fight. This, however, is impossible if the letter was dated July 19, because the next issue of the newspaper, a weekly, did not appear until July 22, which was the day the fight took place. Moreover, there was no mention of Mr. Divine's letter in the Casper press until August 5, when it was quoted from *The Cheyenne Daily Tribune* of a few days earlier. In a word, the timing proves that the letter could not possibly have had anything to do with precipitating hostilities in the Hole-in-the-Wall.

And neither did the oft-quoted letter signed *Revenge Gange* [sic].

It was received by Mr. Divine on Tuesday, July 27, five days after the fight, and the date and the contents together show that it was written in violent reaction to the killing of Bob Smith:

Bob Devine you think you have played hell you have just begun you will get your dose there is men enuff up here yet to kill you. We are going to get you or lose twelve more men you must stay out of this country if you want to live we are not going to take any chances any more but will get you any way we can we want one hair apiece out of that damned old chin of yours you have give us the worst of it all the way through and you must stay out or die. You had better keep your damned outfit out if you want to keep them. don't stick that damned old gray head of yours in this country again if you don't want it shot off we are the 12 men appointed a purpose to get you if you dont stay out of here.

REVENGE GANGE<sup>16</sup>



—From a painting by R. Farrington Elwell

So far as is known, that was the last threatening letter ever to be written from the Hole-in-the-Wall. Despite its ferocious phrases, the "Revenge Gange" was never heard from again.

Events now moved on to that amazingly bloodless conclusion which so embarrasses most western writers that they do not mention it. This time the cowmen entered the forbidden territory by the southern or Willow Creek entrance, working northward down Buffalo Creek. For two days they saw no signs of trouble except warning notices posted along their route. But on the third day five men made a threatening demonstration. Approaching to within 125 yards, they dismounted and lay flat on the ground, holding rifles. With considerable courage Sheriff Sproul galloped forward and spoke to them, explaining the cowmen's peaceful intentions, whereupon they rode away. It was learned that just over the hill had been fifteen more men, waiting to back up the first group if a fight had started.

There was no sign of the bank bandits. As the roundup moved on to the

North Fork of Powder River, most of the supposed desperadoes who buzzed like aroused hornets around it were at worst borderline cases, and to some even their foes grudgingly conceded respectability, among the latter being Tom Gardner and L. A. Webb. By now a day herd of 500 head was gathered, and it inched along under a cowboy guard. Would the cowmen attempt to drive these cattle off without permitting local owners to look through the herd for any they might claim? If so it would be an act of war. The stage was set for what might have been one of the bloodiest range battles of western history.

It was averted by a saving residue of sanity in human nature, and by the intervention of a man of good will. Albert L. Brock, local sheep and cattle rancher and representative in the state legislature, had performed the astounding feat of retaining the respect of both factions in the late Johnson County unpleasantness. He now returned from a trip to Pennsylvania to find his Powder River neighborhood in an uproar.

He visited the cowmen's camp, was invited to dinner, and explained why the local residents were up in arms. It was a matter of misunderstanding on both sides, he pursued. To allay suspicions, might not representatives of the local people be allowed to ride in and inspect the herd? Divine and the other leaders not only agreed, but offered to turn any disputed cattle over to the sheriff of Johnson County until ownership could be established.<sup>15</sup>

But the disputes failed to materialize. One Montana cow turned up with a calf which through some strange circumstance bore the brand of a certain Alex Jent. Stock inspector Billy Smith sent word to Jent that he didn't want another man's calf following his cow, and to come and get it. Jent never came. Also questioned was a cow bearing the brand of a likeable reprobate named Johnny Nolan. Rather sheepishly, Nolan refused to claim the animal, declaring that somebody must have jobbed him by putting his brand on a cow that wasn't his. A steer claimed for one of the cow outfits was given up by Lew Webb, though he said he had bought it in good faith.

The roundup recovered between four and five hundred head of cattle belonging to the different outfits, including eight head of Montana cattle. There was no way of telling how many of these were ordinary strays. Also recovered were forty or fifty head with blotched, burned over brands, and twenty-eight head of big, four-and-five year old Ogallala steers on which the Keystone brand had been literally skinned off the living animal and the edges sewed together. This atrocity shocked even a local public opinion which was not generally sensitive to the feelings

<sup>15</sup> Sources on the second roundup are: *Wyoming Derrick*, Casper, Aug. 19; *People's Voice*, Aug. 14; *Buffalo Bulletin*, Aug. 12; Also LeFors, op. cit.; also an unpublished memo dictated by Albert Brock to his son, J. Elmer Brock.

<sup>16</sup> Walt Putney, a long-time associate of the outlaws, to John A. Tisdale, c. 1940. Tisdale to this writer, 1960. Putney was the heeler who helped Currie rope the big steers while the latter cut out the brands.



—Photo by L. A. Huffman.

of cattle. Years later it was revealed that the mutilations were the handiwork of "Flat-Nosed George" Currie, the bank robber-cow thief.<sup>16</sup>

It would be pleasant to report that the roundup with its peaceful conclusion marked the end of trouble in the Hole-in-the-Wall, but such was not the case. The red-walled valley was increasingly used as a headquarters by the Butch Cassidy gang, who continued to do a little cattle rustling on the side. The great Wilcox train robbery was organized from there in 1901. And so the page was turned to another chapter.

—Photo by L. A. Huffman.





ROCKY FORK COAL MINES AT RED LODGE IN 1892.

(Reproduced from Northwest Magazine, Aug., 1892.)

## RED LODGE:

# From a Frenetic Past of Crows, Coal And Boom and Bust Emerges a Unique Festival of Diverse Nationality Groups

by Leona Lampi

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down.—Robert Frost

THE NORTHEAST road to Yellowstone Park begins there. It's the home of the rough-riding buckeroo families of Greenough and Linderman. The Festival of Nations is presented there in August every year. And just lately, it has a marvelous skiing area, called Grizzly Peak. These are the comments one usually hears about Red Lodge, Montana, today. And the more the inhabitants of Red Lodge hear such comments, the better they like it, because the tourist trade means bread and butter.

Bread and butter has not always been easy to come by in this picturesque town in south central Montana. The history of no other Montana city has been marked with so persistent a boom and bust cycle, tragedy and hazardous economic climate. This is the story of its past, and the gallant efforts of its divergent nationality groups to find stability and happiness in the shadow of some of Montana's most awesome scenic beauty.

The history of Red Lodge and its colorful name date far back to the time nomadic Crow Indians were first attracted to its fertile valley, cut through by a rushing stream and tucked at the base of a magnificent mountain range. The most romantic and generally accepted story is that the lodges of the Crows were colored by the red clay found in the area. A legend, not so romantic, is that it was originally called Bad Lodge by

the Crows because a supply of meat spoiled and ruined one of their festivals. John Webber, an early pioneer, always insisted that the name evolved because so many red man's lodges, not necessarily red in color, covered the area.

In any case, the Crows were not to keep this heaven to themselves for long. As trappers and explorers pushed westward they found their way to scenic Rock Creek Valley in the foothills of the rugged Beartooth Range. In the early 1800's a Hudson's Bay fur stockade was established nearby; but these men, like the Crows, little dreamed of the mineral riches which lay beneath their feet. It was not until the Northern Pacific Railroad was built, more than 80 years later, that the "black gold" in the region fed the hungry locomotives and brought prosperity and hundreds of Finn, Welsh and Cornish miners to share it.

The first discovery of Red Lodge coal is credited to James "Yankee Jim" George. The deposits, remarkable in several respects, quickly came to the attention of Montana businessmen as well as the management of the Northern Pacific. The seams were from five to fourteen feet thick and because of their location on gradual slopes, mining would be relatively easy and inexpensive. The coal itself was good—semi-bituminous, burning hotter and more completely than lignite.

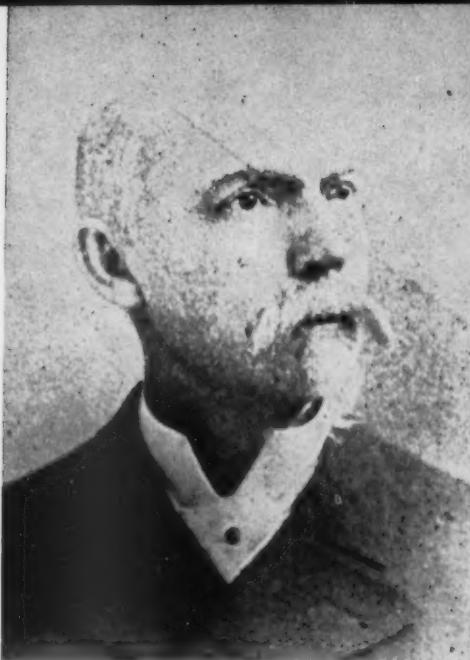
Leona Lampi Pilati, a graduate of Montana State University with B.A. and masters degrees, writes of the international aspects of Red Lodge from conviction and experience. From 1946 to 1949 she worked with the Finnish Legation in Washington, D. C. and for the Finnish Consulate General in New York. The next year she studied in Finland under a Rotary International Fellowship and traveled considerably throughout Europe. Upon her return, Miss Lampi worked again for the Finnish legation in New York and returned to Europe in 1955, spending two and a half years as administrative assistant and interpreter to a group of American management consultants who were sent to Finland under sponsorship of the Council for International Progress in Management. Since her second return to this country, she has taught in Montana schools. She married Paul Pilati in 1959, and they make their home in Red Lodge, where he is engaged in land development and realty.



MINERS getting supplies of powder for blasting in the Red Lodge mines are shown in this drawing by C. Winsor, published in "Northwest Magazine" in 1892.

Yankee Jim interested such men as Walter Cooper of Bozeman and Samuel Word and S. T. Hauser of Helena in his find. In 1887, L. J. Platt of Iowa and H. C. Davis of the Northern Pacific came into the picture, and the Rocky Fork Coal Company was founded. At the same time, a continuing problem—location of the deposits so far from the main Northern Pacific line—was overcome when the Rocky Fork Cooke City Railway Company built a branch line from Laurel. With its completion in 1889, the mining camp of Red Lodge came into being. Hundreds of miners, notably Finns who came from the older mining camps of Rock Springs, Wyoming, converged on the area. A sprinkling of Welshmen and Cornishmen and a few Americans joined them in the mines, but not socially. Wages were good. By 1892, according to *Northwest Magazine*, miners were paid 90 cents a ton, and a skilled miner could take out ten tons a day.

Dr. J. M. Fox, often called the father of Carbon County, was the first manager of the coal and railway companies. Kentucky born, he had a medical profession in Kansas and Missouri before becoming the first agent for Denver Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Express Company. He organized a Confederate company during the Civil War and served as a colonel in the battle of Wilson Creek. After the war, Dr. Fox re-engaged in medical practice, but this time it was short-lived. He became San



DR. J. M. FOX, Civil War veteran and sometime physician, was the first manager of the Rocky Fork Coal and Railway companies, serving from 1887 to 1900. Under his guidance, the company suffered a minimum of labor troubles and divergent nationality groups worked peacefully together in the busy coal mines. (Photo from *Northwest Magazine*, Aug., 1892.)

Francisco's general agent for Union Mutual Life Insurance. In 1883 he was appointed secretary to the manager of the Oregon Improvement Company and in 1887 he moved to Red Lodge to take over management of the new coal and railroad company. He remained in Red Lodge until the company reorganized in 1900.

Meanwhile, although the divergent nationality groups which flocked to the town worked shoulder to shoulder in the mines, they sought refuge and security within their own language and social groups when the hard day was over. This was the nationality cleavage which was to lead, a half century later, to Red Lodge's unique Festival of Nations, in which the descendants of these settlers share the richness of their national costumes, foods, and heritage.

Memories of the first days of Red Lodge are often contradictory, but it is accepted that in 1889 the population consisted chiefly of Indians as John Bailey related. "Packsaddle" Ben Greenough, who arrived three years earlier, said there were "three Indians to every white man and four men to every woman." Henry McIntosh, who was a wisp of a lad when he arrived in early 1888, recalled that the original

camp had only three decent houses and one store. The school, for a dozen pupils, was conducted in a log shack, and the only enterprises not affiliated with the coal company were saloons, some set up in tents.

As Red Lodge grew into a dwelling place for whites rather than Indians, optimistic citizens visualized the development of a city and had it platted. It was an incorporated town of 1,180 people by 1892, its streets frequented by such colorful historic figures as Buffalo Bill Cody, Calamity Jane Cannary, and Liver Eatin' Johnson.

In its August, 1892 issue, the *Northwest Magazine* wrote: "The miners are an orderly and intelligent class and there have been no labor troubles of too serious a nature to be settled by the tact, kindness and good sense of the management. Some of the men live with their families in neat and comfortable homes built by the coal company and others live in little log cottages of their own. They support churches and are eager to secure for their children as good an education as the graded public school of the town affords. The troops of rosy-cheeked little ones that flock to the school every morning leave no room for doubt as to the healthfulness of this mountain climate."

But life in this one-industry town was not without its jolts. The Rocky Fork Coal Company experienced financial troubles in the late 1890's and was forced to close down for a year. Many miners left the area but a few diehards remained, alternating between hope and disillusionment, with an occasional shooting scrape to vary the monotony.

Finally directors of the company were able to interest new capital in the coal



mines, especially Henry Villard of the Northern Pacific. Work in the mines was resumed because of his efforts, and the defunct company was purchased by the Northwest Improvement Company. A grateful town sought to honor Villard by changing its name to his, but the move was over-ruled by the railroad builder.

"Red Lodge, instead of being a remote outpost thrown out beyond a belt of Indian savagery and existing solely on its coal mines, will soon become an important center of trade supported by diversified industries," predicted the *Northwest Magazine* in 1892. "It will unquestionably be made the county seat of a new county at no distant day, for its interests are already too important for its citizens to be required to travel a distance of nearly 150 miles to reach the seat of justice at Livingston," the editor continued. His prediction came true three years later, when Carbon County was created from portions of Park and Yellowstone Counties. Red Lodge won over Joliet in the election for permanent county seat.

Along with this new status came new tragedy. In 1900, a \$100,000 fire destroyed the main business houses. As a result Red Lodge got its first volunteer fire department and built a water system for which \$25,000 in bonds were floated.

BIG GAME HUNTING ON THE STINKINGWATER in 1897 is shown in this picture, owned by Mrs. Edna Harp of Red Lodge. E. E. Van Dyke, who counted Teddy Roosevelt among his "dude" clients, is at the left. W. I. Booth, photographer and artist, is at right. Van Dyke was official guide for Professor T. R. Hinsdale, who surveyed the Crow Indian Reservation. He served in a similar capacity for the crew surveying the northern border of Yellowstone Park. He blazed the Van Dyke Trail from Cooke City to Red Lodge in 1883, and it and the Sheridan Trail are the foundations of today's spectacular highway.

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Six years later, in 1906, Red Lodge experienced the horror of its first mine disaster. White damp and fire killed eight men. But prosperity also smiled on the town. That year it boasted six churches, 14 fraternal orders, two newspapers, a county high school, public schools, an electric plant, water system, fire department, two telephone systems, and a lively board of trade. Red Lodge had a population of 4,000 and a monthly mine payroll of \$60,000. In a bulletin issued by the Meyer and Chapman Bank in 1906, outside and local citizens were encouraged to invest their capital in the area: "Capital, tainted or otherwise, can in Carbon County find employment both profitable to itself and exceedingly useful to the rapid development of our history."

The mining picture looked even brighter with discovery of new minerals. Chromite was found as early as 1904 by T. C. Benbow, prospecting in the Stillwater River Valley, and by M.



TAFT'S HOLDUP SALOON, pictured in 1900 with Proprietor George Taft behind the bar, was a favored meeting place for Red Lodge miners. At the left is Jim Virtue, who later bought the place. The mustachioed customer in the middle is not identified, but next to him is Mina Minar, who at 84 still lives in Red Lodge. At the extreme right is Charlie Aiken who had just returned from a successful trip to Alaska and may have provided occasion for the celebration.

(Photo owned by Harold Buening, Red Lodge.)

E. Martin in the adjacent Beartooth Mountains. (No development of the chromite deposits was to come, however, for another 20 years.)

The local paper, in 1907, published this advertisement: *INVESTIGATE—We have four thousand acres of oil land located in the Butcher Creek Oil fields. If you have money to invest in a SURE thing, get in on the ground floor. We control the cream of the land in this district and invite investigation.—George W. Taff.* These oil fields were further developed in 1911 when Thomas Cruse, fabled Marysville and Helena millionaire, took an interest in them.

Agriculturally, Carbon County, "The Gem of the Mountains," was covered with large herds of cattle and sheep. The days of the big cattle operations had gone, but smaller farmers and ranchers had taken over their domains. Alfalfa, oats, wheat and flax were grown successfully, and potato cultivation was being developed on a large scale.

By this time, Carbon County rated second in Montana coal production, with almost a million tons annually. The Northwest Improvement mines were supplying the Northern Pacific railway

as far east as Mandan, N. Dak., and to the Washington State border. There were eight coal seams, aggregating a thickness of 60 feet, and the deepest shaft reached 2,500 feet. In Bearcreek and Washoe, a few miles to the east, J. C. McCarthy set up mines reached by a branch of the main railroad line to Red Lodge, running east from Silesia. Miners were getting from \$3 to \$5 for eight hours of work.

Red Lodge was a tough town, full of strong-willed Americans, ambitious and determined immigrants, miners, prospectors, farmers, gamblers, commercial people. All lived seriously—played, fought, killed and loved seriously. Some items from the Red Lodge papers of 1906 touch this:

Jan. 18, 1906—Sheriff Potter puts a lid on gambling in Red Lodge.

May 24, 1906—Nine Red Lodge gamblers take upon themselves to raise the lid of this city and are arrested for gambling.

June, 1906—Himma Hakola, a Finnish girl of 20 years, who has been betrayed by a miner, has taken carbolic acid and may die. The Finn cannot be found.

August, 1906—George Doyle, who was greatly intoxicated, shot up the Red Lodge train.

August, 1906—Oscar Patana, a logger on Rock Creek, was found dead. Cause of the death cannot be determined and it may be murder.

JOHN WEAVER, Red Lodge livery stable operator who figured in one of the town's favored practical jokes, is shown in front of his establishment in 1910. On this rainy day he had just sold 1,000 head of horses he had pastured in the Hart Mountain area. The First Methodist Church is shown on the right.

(Laura Weaver photo.)

A sense of humor was a valuable trait in those hard times, and sometimes the whole town roared with laughter over the practical jokes of its citizens. One that still causes quite a chuckle is the one John Weaver played on Jim Burnett, or was it the other way around?

Jim had come into town with a shipment of cattle which he planned to load on the train. He was planning to accompany the cattle to Chicago, along with some of his rancher friends. While he was tending to the loading, he put his suitcase into the office of John Weaver's livery stable for safekeeping. Just before the train pulled out, he dashed into the office for his suitcase and ran back to board the train. Apparently there was no need to open the suitcase until he arrived in Chicago and it was in the hotel room that he decided to dress up to go out on the town. He opened the suitcase. It was full of manure. Upon his return to Red Lodge, he found that a litter of pigs had died. He packed them in a crate and sent them express collect to John Weaver.

Each racial group still played and worshipped as a unit. There was little apparent desire on the part of any ethnic group to include those outside its own culture or to mingle. Indeed, if there was a crossing of the "line," at dances and other gatherings, contact would almost invariably end in fist fights and brawls. When an instance of sincere cross-communication finally occurred, it was at the cultural level. (But this was many years later, when the Finnish and Italian bands joined forces to become the famed Red Lodge City Band.)

Into this often-seething melting pot came more and more new emigrants. By 1910, when Carbon County was leading the state in coal production, Red Lodge had a population of 4,860, and by 1911 it had grown to 5,500.

Not everybody was interested only in mineral wealth. Some saw potential in the surrounding natural beauty. One such person was Dr. J. C. F. Siegfriedt,



who for years dreamed of building a high road connecting Red Lodge with Cooke City. Finally, in July 1919, his dream came true. He built 2,100 feet of road, which would eventually rise to the top of Mount Maurice, a peak standing sentinel over Red Lodge, and then across the almost 11,000 foot plateau to Cooke City.

The beginning of this spectacular road, built by contributions of Bearcreek business houses and individuals, followed the old Meeteetse Trail (the old stage coach road into northern Wyoming) and then struck up the mountain side. Dr. Siegfriedt was hopeful that for the remainder of the road he could get enough contributions from people in Carbon County, as well as in Billings, to supply half the cost with the government supplying the rest. Despite discouragement from all sides, this visionary idea created some interest among state and government officials in developing what was known as the Black and White Trail.

During construction of the road, examiners (who were idle because of shutdowns) discovered intriguing minerals. Mica and copper float were uncovered and whispers were abroad that gold ore was plentiful too. There was considerable demand for mica as an ingredient for lubricants and the extensive deposit was judged to have considerable value. In no time at all the whole mountainside, crawling with miners, was staked out and claimed. Nothing further developed.

Red Lodge continued as a one-industry town until national prohibition brought an unexpected manufacturing



WILLIAM F. MEYER, pioneer Red Lodge attorney, banker and politician who shares with Dr. Fox the title "Father of Carbon County," had just arrived in town when this picture was taken in his Red Lodge law office in 1889. Meyer came to Montana in 1882, homesteading near Park City where he also established a law practice. After his arrival in Red Lodge seven years later, he combined his practice of law with banking, establishing a bank with J. W. Chapman and Paul Bretesche. He served as representative and senator for many terms and was instrumental in creating Carbon County. He was campaigning for the U. S. Congress at the time of his sudden death in 1912.

(Photo owned by Harold Buening.)



development. Surprised citizens found the local brands of "moonshine" whiskey in great demand, as far east as Chicago and as far west as San Francisco. So Red Lodge plunged into the Roaring Twenties. In the little town of Bearcreek it was said that "making moonshine is everybody's pastime." A family without a still of its own was not among the elect. The sizable foreign-born element of the area found that recipes of the mother land served them well, and there developed strong competition among groups to produce the best wines and fermented drinks.

CHARLES C. BOWLEN, Carbon County's first State Senator, was one of Red Lodge's successful early businessmen and politicians. He had a thriving lumber business, with branches in Fromberg and Bridger. He married a local school teacher, Elma Van Housen, who came to Red Lodge from Nebraska for her health. Her classes sometimes totaled 62 students, many of whom were considerably older than she, since they worked on ranches and in the coal mines halftime. (Elma Bowlen photo.)

The 1920's brought more beneficial civic projects, too. In 1924, the See 'Em Alive Zoo, well stocked with native animals, was founded. Princeton University had discovered that the area was a treasure chest for geological study, and in the early 1920's established its outstanding summer camp.

In 1925, plans finally were made for the Red Lodge-Cooke City Highroad to Yellowstone Park—along a more scenic route than that which Dr. Siegfriedt proposed. In 1931 the Federal appropriation for this was secured and work began on the road, with its heartstopping switchbacks and spectacular mountain scenery. It was officially opened in 1935.

In 1926 the community suffered a severe economic blow with the closing of the West Side mine. Mines in Washoe and Bearcreek, "over the hill," absorbed most of the laid-off miners, but this was just a sample of what was to come. Six years later the East Side mine closed. With limited mining activities in Washoe and Bearcreek, a frightening number of Red Lodge citizens found themselves without jobs and on relief.

Tourists who gradually were finding their way to Red Lodge, attracted by the Hi-road and by the annual rodeo (first presented in 1930), took up some of the slack. From the economic doldrums of the 1930's many new ventures and projects were to arise. Tourist facilities continued to mushroom. An ill-fated asbestos mine was exploited and abandoned almost in one fleeting breath. As an aftermath of prohibition, a legal distillery was founded. Unfortunately the first batch was spoiled through carelessness and a hoped-for market didn't develop. A cannery, founded in 1926, had a better fate with a modest but steady growth.

So the town, like the rest of the country, survived the great depression, only to be caught up in the impending World War II. In 1943, tragedy hit the biggest remaining mine of the area. An explosion, which trapped or killed 74



E. E. VAN DYKE, who blazed the first trail from Cooke City to Red Lodge and who parlayed his hunting and packing skills into a lucrative business, is pictured at the head of the Stillwater with his horse, Buck, in 1883. Van Dyke left his New York home when barely 15 years old, vowing to fight Indians. He got a surprise chance in 1877, when he encountered Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce while walking to Cooke City. Some white men tried to steal Indian horses and in the ensuing fight, Van Dyke was wounded in the arm. He carried a plate in his elbow for the rest of his life. Van Dyke was one of the first Red Lodge men to contract "coal fever." He and John Menard purchased the first 40 acres of coal ground in the camp, but they were unable to compete with "the company" and Van Dyke went back to his first love—the outdoors.

(Photo owned by Mrs. Adolph Roat.)

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miners, marked the closure of the remaining Red Lodge coal mines. During World War II, the government arranged with Chromium Products Corporation (founded in 1933) to have the Anaconda Company open the coal mines on a non-profit basis. The deposits were reopened at great expense; roads and mills were built, and three complete new towns were built. When the war ended, everything closed down, and again Red Lodge was in the market for new industry to add to its inadequate agricultural and tourist income.

In the early 1950's there was hope of setting up a hydrogenation plant to make jet fuel from coal, but the plan did not materialize. In 1956 Koal

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CIRCUS DAY in Red Lodge in 1912 brought hundreds of people to town via horse and buggy. The buildings in the background housed livery stables and blacksmith shops.

(Photo owned by Laura W. Weaver.)





FINNISH BUILDING BEE, called a "takkoo," was a typical example of early nationality group isolation. Here the women bring coffee and refreshments while their men work on the Finnish Workers Hall in 1912.

(John Lampi photo.)

Krudes chose Red Lodge for a new plant to manufacture char, creosote and other coal by-products. Although there was great enthusiasm regarding this project, not only locally but in industrial quarters throughout the country, mismanagement and technical errors forced the plant to close in 1958.

With such a record of industrial failures, Red Lodge now views most ventures with misgiving and suspicion. The people tend to put more stock in projects relating to recreational facilities. In an effort to extend the tourist season into the winter months, skiing enthusiasts from Billings and Red Lodge recently spearheaded development of a fine ski area, Grizzly Peak, which they hope will be competitive with any other resort of the kind in the West.

Despite tragic economic dislocation, Red Lodge has changed little in its population makeup. In 1920, a survey in the local schools revealed that 25 percent were American born, 41 percent Finnish, nine percent Italian, and the rest of some 20 other nationalities. Today's breakdown would probably show 99 percent American born, but representing Finnish, Italian, Finnish-Italian, Irish, Irish-Italian, Scottish, Scottish-Italian, and similar ancestral patterns.

The Finnish people, who have always comprised the largest population segment, were extremely active from the beginning. They organized athletic clubs, a drama society, and musical organizations. The Kaleva picnic grounds which became the center of Finnish summer activities is still utilized. The Finnish band made several outstanding tours of the state and in 1909 it toured the Midwest, playing mainly in Finnish communities. A small Finnish symphony orchestra once flourished, and a

dance band was in constant local demand. At the turn of the century the Finnish Temperance Society built the Opera House. This housed most of the Finnish activities until the Workers Hall was constructed in 1912.

The Italians, not to be outdone, built a hall and their musical groups and national get-togethers reflected the Italian love for music and gay times. During World War I an Italian Victory Girls organization was formed, well known for its patriotic and philanthropic work. It continued to function after the war and remained one of the strong cores of the Italian segment. The younger ladies later formed a chorus which was in demand not only for Italian programs, but for many other community affairs up through the 1940's, when the organization dissolved as members gradually moved away.

The Slovilians and Croations also purchased a picnic spot a few miles from town—the Happy Brothers Picnic Grounds—and there reveled in old country festivities. In the early 1920's the Slovian group boasted a tomborizza orchestra of seven members.

Community projects, such as the famous Chautauqua programs, brought interested people of all nationalities together, but intermingling still remained at a minimum until the Depression era. When the community was thrown into an entirely different set of circumstances, the climate for mutual understanding improved.

For many years the one group which seemed to recognize the contributions that each nationality of Red Lodge could make to the others and to the community as a whole was the Red Lodge Woman's Club. In 1923, as a part of their yearly projects, the members planned a display including handiwork, antiques and heirlooms of in-



CROATION TAMBORITZA ORCHESTRA, playing old country instruments, entertained at many public affairs in Red Lodge during the early 1900's. After the strike of 1922, several of the members left town and the group disbanded. Left to right, first row: Johnny Verzuk, Joe Kuñer, Nick Bakarich, conductor; second row, Steve Blazina, Joe Yelich, Sam Kukich, and Mike Spal.  
(Photo owned by Steve Blazina.)

(Photo owned by Steve Blazina.)

dividuals representing various nationalities. The display was successful. In 1925 when its state convention was held in Red Lodge, the club approached the local shopkeepers and secured windows for displaying various articles portraying the talents of the many local nationalities.

Perhaps the only good contribution the Depression made to Red Lodge was that it forced people out of their nationality shells. They stood in the same bread lines, worked on the same WPA projects, joined the same CCC camps, became acquainted in the NYA programs. People now had time on their hands and turned to cultural affairs to supplement their limited material satisfactions. The WPA constructed an outdoor theater, and the community cooperated by filling it with regular programs. The many nationality meeting halls became centers for community affairs. Citizens threw themselves wholeheartedly into the production of an historical pageant, presented in a natural amphitheater in a mountain canyon close to Red Lodge. One participant in

the pageant recalls that never before or since in his theatrical experience has he been made up with a calcimine brush —Indians being required in such great numbers.

The schools now flavored their programs with more Montana history and Indian lore, and also utilized the untapped musical resources of the various nationalities. Dr. Siegfriedt, who saw the importance and fascination of the nationality groups, built Piney Dell Hall, three miles south of Red Lodge. He encouraged all nationalities to use it for their programs, to be presented for the whole community.

When World War II interrupted these peacetime activities, Red Lodge contributed all it could to the war effort. Afterwards the community returned to the former pattern, but with a smaller population—only 2,800 persons. The town did not readily regain enthusiasm for the cooperative endeavors of the 1930's, but it was evident, too, that it was no longer made up of so many isolated islands. When interest developed for a civic center building, leading



ITALIAN VICTORY GIRLS, pictured in 1940. This typical Red Lodge nationality group began as a patriotic organization during World War I but continued thereafter to reflect the Italian love for music and gay times. Well known for its patriotic and philanthropic work, the group performed at many community affairs until it was disbanded a few years after this picture was taken.  
(Dorothy Hockley photo.)

citizens seized upon this to recapture the "oneness" that had begun to pervade the community some years before.

The program developed into unbelievable proportions. Through the assistance of local stores donating supplies, and the art teacher of the high school and her students doing the art work for drops, the community presented a major pageant of the historical development of Red Lodge.

While interest in this new community accomplishment held, it was suggested in the late spring of 1950 that an art exhibit become an annual affair. Others expanded on this: why limit the plan to arts and crafts? Red Lodge was a tourist town with much to offer—good scenery, fine fishing, the Hi-Road, an exciting rodeo and cool summers—but it also possessed international cultures that were truly unique! A steering committee appointed to bring the many ideas into focus and to develop a program which would encompass the whole community, finally hit upon the Festival of Nations.

By early summer, the committee mapped out the Festival in much the same pattern as it functions today, and having received favorable response from leaders of the various nationality groups, began to prepare for the first presentation in the third week of August, 1950.

The civic center became a veritable museum—the bleachers being sectioned off into display areas where old, new and unique articles from the four corners of the world went on exhibit. As a decorative measure a few flags of foreign countries were hung. Later the local Rotary Club offered to secure more flags from various countries, some being sent as gifts, some on loan, and others in exchange for an American or state flag. Since then many more have been added and now the Festival and Rotary are aided by the Lions Club International in making this an inspiring exhibit of flags of many nations.

At the first Festival there was an exhibit of the Old West, set up and presided over by Ben Greenough, Montana



FESTIVAL OF NATIONS celebration in 1960 brought these scenes of cooperation and good fun, a far cry from the years when Red Lodge nationality groups toiled together in the mines but shunned each other socially. At the left, a group of Croations contribute their skill at roasting a whole pig for the feast to come. At the right, during the Slovaniian program, children join in dancing in native costumes, with flags of many nations symbolizing the unity of spirit which motivates this unique event.



(International Cooperation Center photos.)

pioneer and father of the famous riding Greenoughs. Ben's *Montana Room* has continued to be one of the most popular exhibits of each year's Festival.

From the outset, downtown businesses have loaned display windows for crafts and hobby displays, including weaving, spinning, Cluny and pillow lace making, wood carving, fly tying, and many odd and unexpected ones which have distinctive nationality origins. A cookery exhibit of each country stimulated townspeople and tourists to sample native dishes of different countries. This novelty has gained popularity, as has the making of traditional Western sourdough pancakes, until it's now a gourmet's delight.

Hour-long "nationality programs" were presented to capacity crowds each evening for nine consecutive nights at the civic center. The first year's program included Finnish, Scandinavian, Slovaniian, Western, English, Scotch and Irish, German and Dutch, and Italian. The final night was the grand finale.

More than 200 persons participated actively in the first year's Festival. In 1960, the 10th anniversary, about 75 percent of the population of Red Lodge participated, plus individuals from the surrounding countryside and Billings.

Not only the community but individuals have gained a great deal from this unique event, for the Festival has given Red Lodge a new, exciting page to add to its exciting past. Typical of citizen reaction was that of William Flockhart,

a Scotsman, who was in his early seventies when the Festival started. He hadn't touched his pipes in 20 years, having spent most of his time in his one-man coal mine in Scotch Coulee near Bearcreek. But when he became interested in the Festival, he took his pipes out of mothballs and began to practice. Today Bill pipes his neighbors out of bed at six each morning with rousing Scottish tunes. He has made contact with other Scottish groups in the state, utilizing their pipe and drum corps whenever possible and going, in turn, to their celebrations. Flockhart teaches the pipes to several youngsters and has recruited the services of Mrs. Margaret Marshall, an elderly Scottish woman, to teach a group of young people Highland jigs and flings. Thus the waning Scottish culture in Montana is being passed to younger people and the old Scot himself delights in being up-town every afternoon of the Festival, dressed in the costume and playing the pipes of his ancestors.

After more than a decade, the Festival is obviously not a superficial development, but it has deep roots in the soil of the past. The descendants of our hardy pioneers, American and foreign, who found their way to the banks of a rocky stream at the foothills of the Beartooth Mountains, possessed a solid heritage. Now they display it in a way that reflects all the color and vitality of the past with the enthusiasm and good will of the present. This is Red Lodge today.



# The Cowman's West of Joe Beeler

**I**S IT POSSIBLE for a man to know true nostalgia for a home or place—or a time—he has never seen? Certainly vividly written stories of the old rangeland West by contemporary writers often lead those of us who have never seen the old times to “recall” them with something akin to nostalgia. Charles Russell looked longingly backward, but much of what he painted into his scenes of the frontier West was based on intimate events from his early life—or from authentic stories told to him by those who had indeed been there.

But what about a young artist—one too late to see even the ghosts of the past easing in and out of smooth worn saddle leather? Could the tales heard, the paintings studied, the communion with the isolated pockets of timeless land combine to produce a nostalgia potent enough to be a moving force in the life of a gifted artist? Perhaps. And if so certainly Oklahoma artist Joe Beeler has been touched by this longing for that which he could never know but which he recreates on canvas with such vivid realism that we must assume that by some vehicle—some magic carpet—he has been there and returned. For Beeler has painted the Indian, the cowboy and the Great Plains West in

attitudes so natural that he must have been personally acquainted with each of the characters from his “plays in paint.” The cowpoke lighting a hand-made cigarette astride his horse, in a world fresh after a spring rain could not be other than a friend having his portrait painted. Even the lonely range

James Taylor Forrest, one of the West's more articulate experts in the field of art, recently became associate director of fine art and thus actually responsible for the Art Museum of the Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fe (a four-sided institution under the over-all direction of Dr. K. Ross Toole, former director of the Historical Society of Montana). For some years Jim Forrest was associated with the Colorado Historical Society, and more recently director of Tulsa's Gilcrease Institute of History and Art and editor of “The American Scene.”

The past is not epilogue for this hard-driving young artist;  
He has bridged the massive gap between the Old and New

by James Taylor Forrest

fugitive, skirting a village in the dark of night, has the look of that breed of men no longer a part of our times.

It is true that Beeler is at his best when he is dealing with single figures in the most common place scenes. Here he produces a mood—a feeling of intimacy between the viewer and the subject. The cowpoke waiting beside a mail box in the midst of a great, unbroken sea of land; an Indian searching, searching to regain the lost land of his heritage; a pioneer trail boss brought to a moment of reverence by the sight of a pile of bare bones pierced by an arrow; a cowboy delighting in the refreshing effects of a cool stream on his boot-soe feet.

Joe Beeler was born in Joplin, Mo., in 1931. He says that he started draw-

ing as soon as he could hold a pencil and never questioned that he would some day be an artist. By the time he was a student in Joplin High he was selling his paintings. What were his subjects? Indian friends and cowboys, friends of his imagination. Beeler attended the University of Missouri and Tulsa University. He saw service in Korea and during his tour in the Orient he did art work for *Stars and Stripes*. After the army he returned to school and was graduated from Kansas State Teachers College, Pittsburg, Kansas. He then attended the Art Center School in Los Angeles for one year. While in art school Joe Beeler worked in the "Fat" Jones Stables in North Hollywood, painting signs and decorations on "old time" wagons, stage

"INCIDENT ON THE DRIVE," oil, Justin Collection, Ft. Worth, Texas.





"AFTER THE RAIN," oil, Justin Collection, Ft. Worth, Texas.

coaches, buck boards, and other "props" which the Jones organization furnishes for western motion pictures.

It was at this time, in 1957, that the young artist met Joe deYong, one-time friend of Charles Russell. Beeler was inspired by deYong to paint the scenes of the West with truth and realism. Through Joe deYong, veteran artist and film technical advisor, Beeler got an intimate acquaintanceship with Charlie Russell and with Russell's work. Partly because of this relationship the young painter decided against a career as a commercial artist. Instead he and his wife returned to Oklahoma and moved into a small farm house near Five Mile. Here Joe could paint and keep a horse—and this was what he wanted more than anything.

Beeler recalls that he hunted and fished a lot during the first couple of years after art school—and not for the fun of it. "It was fish or squirrel a lot of meals—or nothing," he stated. "In fact, I think I've become one of the best

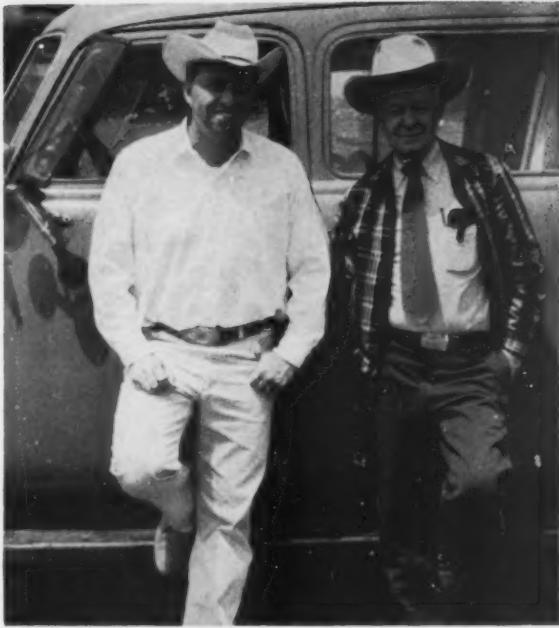
shots among artists today — by necessity," he added, when we talked of this phase of his life.

"HEAD OF A COMANCHE," oil portrait.



The Historical Society of Montana is pleased to announce that its Contemporary Gallery will show more than 30 paintings, nearly all of them oils, by this 29-year-old artist who has so completely captured the spirit of the West, both old and new. The one-man show will be held throughout the month of August and will include the best of Joe Beeler's very considerable artistic production of the past two years.

But Joe painted, and now and then he sold a picture. By the spring of 1959 he had arranged a showing at the Botts Memorial Gallery in Albuquerque, N. M. The success of this brought more exhibitions — at Gilcrease Institute in Tulsa in 1960 and others. In 1959, the University of Oklahoma Press contracted for several book illustrations; shortly thereafter Grosset and Dunlap asked Joe to illustrate a series of western youth books. Very rapidly people who collect art and love the West have sought out Beeler's works. His appeal is largely to those who know the cattle trade, for Joe's love for this is evident in every painting.



ARTISTS JOE BEELER and JOE DeYONG posed for this picture in Los Angeles in 1958. DeYong, protege of Charles M. Russell, has had a distinguished artistic and motion picture advisory career and has been a source of guidance and inspiration to young Joe Beeler.

—Photo by Bill Butler, Tulsa World.

"COOLING A COUPLE OF FRIENDS," oil, Justin Collection, Ft. Worth, Texas.





"RANGE WAR," oil, Justin Collection, Ft. Worth, Texas.



PARIS GREER, homesteader and cattleman who lives on his ranch near Quay, N. M., was depicted in this oil portrait commissioned by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sharp of Joplin, Mo. Artist Beeier has said, "Paris Greer lives alone and is every bit the cowboy he appears to be."

In 1957 and again in 1959 Beeler visited one of the remote areas of the West almost unchanged by time, the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona. The artist helped with the cattle roundup in the Ash Creek area in 1959, beating brush, cutting out stock and generally getting saddle sore. But he sketched, too, and observed. This was not a roundup with trucks and modern methods, but one by hard-riding Apache Indians, working in an area too rugged for wagons. Beeler came back to Oklahoma, weary and worn, but with material for dozens of colorful paintings.

A degree of success has now come to cowboy artist Joe Beeler. But sometimes, when the lucrative commercial art field beckons, he is tempted—only for the sake of his growing family. Yet he sticks. He continues to live in the middle of the Quapaw Indian Reservation where he rides a horse daily on the six mile trip to the mail box. Joe and his family attend an Indian church at nearby Spring River. He still hunts, and often trades a painting for something needed by the family. The down payment on his car was a painting; his old pickup truck was the result of "ar-

tistic horse-swapping" as he puts it. Joe Beeler has gone from ranch to ranch looking for portrait work—much as the early colonial limners went from farm to farm. Ranch owners, who might not rate an artist very high, talk with Joe because he looks and talks like one of the hands. In fact if he doesn't have a painting with him most cattlemen won't believe he's an artist. Sometimes ranchers who have no interest in a portrait of themselves want Beeler to paint their prize bull or their favorite horse. This he does with fidelity and respect.

Recently the Texas bootmaker John Justin, Jr. saw Beeler's work. He bought several paintings and now plans to publish a series of the artist's paintings as part of the Justin advertising campaign.

Beeler talks freely to everyone he meets, especially if he can talk about the Western history, horses, cattle or art. But when called on for an interview for this article he "couldn't think of a thing about himself that would be of interest to anyone." Finally the subject of art and Joe's thoughts on the matter brought out what seems to be his philosophy: "The present day West needs a chronicler—just as it had in the



"THE LAST BULLET" is the title of this oil painting, which will be included in the showing of Beeler art at the Historical Society of Montana in August.



"A MOST HAPPY FELLOW," oil. This painting will be reproduced on the cover of "Western Horseman" in September, 1961.

past. Someone has to paint some realism to counteract the TV conception of the cowboy. It seems to me that the cowboy and the Indian hold to the past while the rest of the world is heading pellmell for the moon in a rocket. And I don't want to go with them!

"People have said I try doing what Russell and Remington did better. Well, I don't want to imitate, but there are only so many subjects and between those two there's very little new left. Frankly, I think the bridge between the old West and the West of today is

not as great as it is between the populated areas of the country of 80 years ago and the cities of today. Maybe that's what I like about the remoter areas. Time has not moved as rapidly."

And so we see a young man nostalgic about a time and a place he never saw. But is this any reason he can't paint of this land and of the people who dwell there? For isn't this just the charm we seek in a good story—or in a painting which recalls for us something we know and love but have forgotten, misplaced or lost to the world of the yesteryears?

"CHANGING OWNERSHIP," oil, Justin Collection, Ft. Worth, Texas.



# Leigh Richmond Brewer:

## Frontier Bishop

### On The Loose

by The Rt. Rev. Chandler W. Sterling



**A**ND WHO is the next speaker, Mr. Secretary?" asked the Chairman of the missionary mass meeting in the Philadelphia Auditorium. "Dr. Brewer, Sir," replied the Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Mission Society of the Episcopal Church. "From where, Sir, and upon what subject will he address the audience?" the Chairman persisted. "He's the bishop that General Convention turned loose in Montana in 1880," the patient secretary replied.

Turning to the crowd of over 5,000 listeners, the chairman then proceeded to make a short and decidedly ill-mannered introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen, the next speaker, who has been instructed to limit himself to a few words, will now address you. He is Leigh Richmond Brewer, Bishop of Montana Territory, who, I have been informed, was turned loose by Convention three years ago to work in the desert of the Southwest."

Richmond Brewer, six feet three inches and two hundred and forty pounds of man, with a voice to match (which, according to his own testimony, could be heard five miles in a high wind) strode annoyed and impatient to the rostrum.

"It is true, brethren, that I was turned loose in the west in 1880, but correcting the peculiar geographical concepts of the chairman, Montana Territory is not on the Southwest desert, but high up in the Rocky Mountains of the Northwest, the land famed by Lewis and Clark. There I have found men who

are more interested in digging around in the earth for gold than in their souls for the peace of God. I intend to run loose out there for many years, God willing, notwithstanding the chairman's persistence in moving me to Arizona."

And so Brewer did, for fifty-five minutes that memorable night—and for thirty-five solid years in Montana. He arrived in the Territory before the railroads and lived long enough to see one of his missionaries ride a motorcycle, which impressed him only with the man's foolhardiness. After the close of the Diocesan Convention late in his episcopate, the Bishop wrote in his diary: "The colts frisked and the war horses balked, as they have been doing for the last thirty-three years."

Most of the western jurisdictions of the Episcopal Church had outspoken and aggressive men as bishops. By some magic, any time that a rector of an eastern parish gave any indication that he was out to upset applecarts and threatened to disturb a Church that seemed to want to die in dignity and



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S Episcopal Mission Church in Virginia City with the organist and two ladies of the parish present is shown in this unusual photo by O. C. Bundy. Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle held the first Episcopal services in Virginia City on July 21, 1867 in the Council chambers above John Rockfellow's store on Jackson Street.

decency, he would be elected bishop of a western missionary jurisdiction. Brewer was not the sort of man who would wear any man's collar, so to Montana he came. The short-sightedness of the Church in his day turned out to be an act of unrecognized wisdom at a far later day.

Never having been west of Niagara Falls before his coming into the West to live, he, his wife and family arrived in Dillon by train from Salt Lake City in February, 1881. They took the stage for Helena, exchanging the stage for a sleigh at Butte. In Helena they lived for five months on the hospitality of the Senior Warden of St. Peter's Church before finding a house to call their own.

The National Department of Domestic Missions, through General Convention, generously provided Bishop Brewer with a salary of \$3,000 a year, an additional \$1,000 for travel, and \$1,500 a year to employ missionaries—if he could find them. He was literally "turned loose in the west," for he had to find the means to extend the work of the Kingdom. "I wonder how long the Mission Department expects me to live on nothing," he writes. "It is an ill-mannered arrangement to expect me to pay my consecration expenses, my

rail fare out here and my living for three months, and not a word in answer to my letter. I shall rectify this beyond any future doubt when I return to the East in the fall."

His diary reports that one day he received two letters stating: 1. The Treasurer would need \$1,000 to pay missionary salaries within two weeks. 2. One of the missionaries needed a set of false teeth. Brewer's comment was, "Not only must I procure food for them, but I must get them teeth to chew it."

Bishop Brewer early began his rounds of visitations to his farflung mission field, making frequent comments about them in his diary as well as in his pungent newsletters printed in *The Montana Churchman*, official publication of the Episcopal Church in Montana which began appearing in Virginia City in March, 1883.

His words are sometimes biting and often humorous, but he makes it warmly clear that the most enjoyable part of his work was the generosity of the hospitality he encountered at such places as Forts Assiniboine, Maginnis, Keogh and Custer, as well as old Fort Missoula.

In the second issue of *The Churchman*, the Bishop described one of his early visits to the Yellowstone Valley: "I left Helena Monday morning, February 12th. The stage driver had promised to call for me, and so I ate my breakfast at my leisure. But when the hour for departure arrived, no stage came. On inquiry, I found that the driver had gone off and left me. I had an appointment at Bedford for the evening. I must keep it. And so nothing remained but to send for a team and try to overtake the stage. After a race



FIRST CONVOCATION or Convention of the Episcopal Church when Montana Territory was still a Missionary District, is depicted in this historic picture reproduced from "Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana," Volume 5. The picture, taken in 1882 at Virginia City, shows Bishop Leigh Richmond Brewer in the back row, center. Other clergy and laymen are not identified.

of fifteen miles this was accomplished, and I got aboard, resolving not to trust the memory of stage drivers again. My confidence cost me ten dollars."

The rest of his newsletter, however, glows with warmth:

"Wednesday I went on to Fort Custer, where I remained till the following Monday. On the intervening Sunday, Feb. 25, Chaplain McComber kindly allowed me to hold services in his place. We had service morning and evening. I confirmed one person, baptized four children, and at the Celebration of the Holy Communion eighteen persons received. My stay at Custer was most pleasant . . .<sup>1</sup>

"For nearly three weeks, Keogh has been my headquarters. I have been the guest of the Commandant, Col. John D. Wilkins. I have been free to come and go as I pleased. Everything has been done for my comfort. An ambulance has been placed at my disposal, and I have been enabled to go to Miles City (which is two miles distant), for services or for work, when I wished to go. The hospitality of the army is un-

bounded and they cannot do too much for their friends. I must put on record here my appreciation of all they have done for me.<sup>2</sup>

"On the first of last August, the Rev. William Horsfall came from the Diocese of Kansas to be Missionary in the Yellowstone Valley, with residence at Miles City. Since that date he has held services at Miles and Keogh, visiting Glendive occasionally and Billings once. In that time he has shown himself to be

<sup>1</sup> Fort Custer, located at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Horn Rivers near Hardin in South Central Montana, was built in 1877, as a direct result of the Custer Battle which occurred the year before. When feared Sioux depredations failed to materialize, life at Fort Custer settled down to routine. Three years before Bishop Brewer's 1883 visit, Impresario John Maguire of Butte broke the monotony by presenting the play *Captain John Smith*, using Crow Indians in the cast. At the point where Pocahontas was pleading for the life of John Smith, a Crow burst into the theater, shouting that a band of Sioux had stolen the Crow horses tied to the hitching rack outside. While the bugler blew muster, Chief Plenty Coups called a hasty war council and the Indians joined the cavalry in pursuit of the thieving Sioux.

<sup>2</sup> Famed Fort Keogh was built at the mouth of the Tongue River in 1877 as a base of troop operations against marauding Indians. It was commanded until 1880 by General Nelson A. Miles but by then it was no longer needed for this purpose. It remained an army post, however, until 1900 and then became a remount station for training army horses, of vital importance during World War I. The site is now a livestock experiment station. The first settlement of what is now Miles City was called Milesstown. It sprang up on the eastern boundary of the Fort Keogh Military Reservation south of the Yellowstone. The present site of Miles City, named for General Miles and one of Montana's most "western" towns, is on the level of bottom land at the confluence of the Tongue and Yellowstone Rivers in Custer County.



ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH in Virginia City is shown in this early picture reproduced from "Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana," Volume 5. It was the first Episcopal church in Montana Territory and was replaced some years later by a handsome brick church still standing.

the Rector of St. Peter's, Helena (Rev. H. E. Clowes) confirming a class of six in the evening. This Parish is doing well under its new Rector. He will soon have his family with him and be settled in the Rectory . . . In all respects the outlook is most favorable.

"Monday morning, April 2d, I started northward. The snow that had fallen was melting, the roads were in bad condition, and the stage was a 'dead axe.' I have taken easier and pleasanter journeys, but not any harder ones. I reached Fort Shaw the next morning, after twenty-five hours of continuous riding through mud and over mountains, sleepy, tired, lame, sore, mud-bespattered, and hungry. But the warm welcome given me at Shaw atoned for all . . ."<sup>5</sup>

After a two-day stop in Fort Benton, the Bishop made the two-day trip to Fort Assiniboine, about seven miles

the man for Western work. He has built a Chapel at Miles City, costing \$2,000 . . . He is indefatigable in his labors, and seeks only to do the Lord's work in the way that the Church has marked out. We have only to have more men like him, and God's Kingdom will prosper!"

Bishop Brewer's newsletter of May, 1883, traces more of his energetic journeys. Leaving Fort Keogh and Miles City, he "turned his face westward" and went to Bozeman for Easter services. He wrote: "The services were very interesting, notwithstanding the weather had turned cold, and snow had fallen the day before. There was the largest number of communicants ever known in the history of the Mission . . . Last year, St. James', Bozeman,<sup>3</sup> headed the list of Montana offerings for Domestic Missions. It looks as though it would do the same this year. But I should like to see Helena and Butte do better. Not that I think more of St. Peter or St. John than I do of St. James. But the Church in Helena and Butte is stronger than in Bozeman. And strength ought to show itself in good works!"<sup>4</sup>

The Bishop returned home the Tuesday after Easter and writes that "The first Sunday after Easter I spent with

<sup>3</sup> One of the oldest towns in Montana, Bozeman was settled in the eastern end of the Gallatin Valley with six cabins and a two-story hotel by late 1864. John M. Bozeman, traveling the trail he had blazed from Wyoming, guided the first train of immigrants into the Gallatin Valley that year. Although he gave his name to the settlement, for many years it was known locally as "Missouri," because of the large number of Missourians among the first settlers. Pioneer Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle first visited in 1868, and wrote that there were then three stores and about 40 dwellings. He held the first Episcopal service at the old Union Church, which had a floor of sawdust and slab benches for pews. By 1883, St. James' Mission in decorous old Bozeman had 42 communicants, 10 Sunday Schools teachers and 67 students, and there were services every Sunday.

<sup>4</sup> Butte was an "infant quartz town, struggling in its swathing bands" when Bishop Tuttle held the first Episcopal services in an unfinished store on Main street on October 20, 1875. "We fitted up a big dry goods box for a pulpit; stretched boards on carpenter's 'horses' for seats, and held our services in the evening," Bishop Tuttle wrote. Still a mission church in 1883, St. John's of Butte was served by the Rev. S. C. Blackiston and 92 communicants were able to attend services three Sundays a month.

<sup>5</sup> Fort Shaw, a few miles west of present Great Falls, on the Sun River, was established in 1867 as a military post to protect travelers on the Mullan Road and early settlers in the Sun River Valley from Blackfeet raiders. It was named for Col. Robert G. Shaw, a Civil War veteran. It was from here that General John Gibbon led the Seventh Infantry to join Generals Terry and Custer in the campaign against the Sioux and Cheyenne in 1876. But General Gibbon was interested in more than military affairs, and planted trees and flowers at Fort Shaw, which boasted one building 125 feet long. Here many brilliant theatrical and social functions were held, among them the first professional stage performance in Montana. The fort was abandoned in 1890 but served as an Indian school until 1910. Fort Shaw, which now has a population of around 300, is the trade center for a beekeeping area.

OLD ST. PETER'S CHURCH in Helena, located at the corner of Grand and Jackson Streets, was built in 1879, 12 years after Bishop Daniel Tuttle held the first Episcopal service in this "vigorous infant of a town of 4,000." The cornerstone of this historic edifice, dated 1879, was installed in the present St. Peter's Church, built in 1931.

from Havre, in an ambulance sent by Lieut.-Col. Guido Ilges,<sup>6</sup> commanding officer at Fort Assiniboine. The Bishop describes this trip in his familiar pungent way:

"The journey occupied two days. The intervening night was passed at the Coal Banks<sup>7</sup> where there is a stage station, a government barn, and a small telegraph office. The station was full; there was only the floor to sleep on in the telegraph office; and so I slept in the stable. But wrapped in my buffalo coat, with one buffalo robe to rest on and another to cover me, I passed the night in reasonable comfort. At all events, I have been far more uncomfortable when camping out in the Adirondacks of Northern New York. The hardships of missionary travel are no harder than those of a fishing excursion..."

During the service one Sunday at Fort Assiniboine,<sup>8</sup> an envelope was placed on the alms basin marked with the Bishop's name. Upon the presentation of the alms at the altar he noticed this immediately and stopped the service while he opened the envelope. He found a check for \$238.00 enclosed, payable to the Bishop. He raised his hand to silence the organist and get the attention of the congregation.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded. One of the women announced from her chair that the ladies of the

<sup>6</sup> Born in Prussia, Guido Ilges served with distinction in the American Civil War, being cited for bravery in the Battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania. He was at Fort Benton as a major in 1876 and worked as effective liaison with the Canadian Mounted Police in keeping track of the elusive Sioux. Ilges became a lieutenant colonel of the 18th Infantry in early 1882, and commanded Fort Assiniboine throughout that year, and 1883. The Fort Benton *River Press* in its April 13, 1881, issue stated: "It (Fort Assiniboine) will soon be placed under command of Col. Guido Ilges, who in Indian warfare has won a reputation rivaling that of Custer or of Miles."

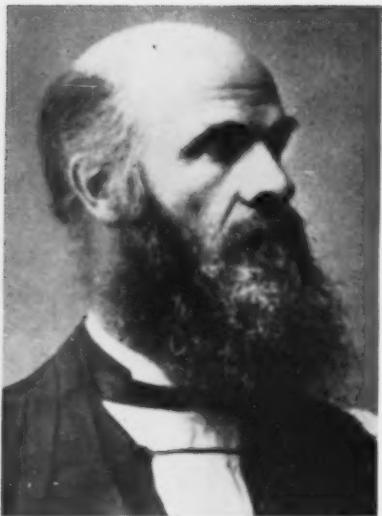
<sup>7</sup> Not to be confused with the Coal Banks near Fort Whoop-up (near present-day Lethbridge) this site was a Missouri River steamboat landing and stage station some 40 miles southwest of Havre, on the route to Fort Benton. A company of regular soldiers was stationed there at this period, and there was also a warehouse and military telegraph station.



Fort had been sewing all winter and had sold the fruit of their labor so that they might make a gift to the Bishop for missionary work in Montana Territory. He writes: "I was humbled. I was gratified. I am a strong man yet I nearly cried. These women, who will only spend a few months in this country, have done more for the Church than everybody else in Montana. It makes me ashamed of my own people."

Statements like this are sprinkled throughout his 35 year diary. It is small wonder that the Bishop was an unpopular man in his early episcopate, either in the East or in Montana Territory, although he acquired the stature

<sup>8</sup> Fort Assiniboine near present Havre, Mont., was established May 9, 1879 as part of the overall American-Canadian plan to contain Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors. It was first garrisoned by ten companies of the 18th infantry which arrived by steamboat at Coal Banks (see footnote 7). Troops from the Second Cavalry at Fort Custer augmented the garrison, which included a number of colored troops. Some of the permanent brick buildings which still stand at the site were made possible by the fact that Beaver Creek sand and clay made excellent brick. L. K. Devlin, later a prominent Havre resident, was sent from St. Paul by the Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Dakota to take charge of construction, and many of the first men at the fort were chosen for their brick-making abilities. The first rock was quarried under Devlin's supervision, and the bricks were manufactured by Col. C. A. Broadwater of Helena, who had the contract for supplying material and who became the first post trader. Later, the famed World War I General John J. Pershing served as a young cavalry shavetail at this post. In the middle 1930 depression it was used as a Federal transient relief camp. It is now an agricultural experiment station, the State of Montana paying the Federal Government \$5,000 for the buildings and for 1,900 acres of land, some of which eventually became the site of Northern Montana College, Havre.



#### RT. REV. DANIEL SYLVESTER TUTTLE

First Bishop of the Episcopal Mission field of Montana, Idaho and Utah Territories, this stalwart missionary was consecrated bishop in Trinity Chapel, New York City in 1867, when he was 30 years old. He left at once for his episcopate which covered 316,547 square miles in the territories named above. Accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, he began his work in Virginia City, then a roaring town of 2,000, and built the first church at a cost of \$3,500. During his first visitation, Bishop Tuttle held services at Helena, Deer Lodge, Bozeman, Gallatin, Blackfoot and Bannack. Early feeling the pressure of work in his vast territory, Bishop Tuttle began sending out urgent calls for help, one of them as early as 1868 to Rev. Leigh Richmond Brewer, who had just been ordained in New York and whose story which began 20 years later in Montana Territory is told in this article. "What a blessed thing for Montana in all her higher and holier interests that he, too, did not decline her second call!" Bishop Tuttle wrote. The mission area was divided in 1880, Bishop Tuttle taking charge of Idaho and Utah and Bishop Brewer assuming Montana. Bishop Tuttle served in Idaho and Utah until in 1886, when he became Bishop of Missouri and subsequently, by seniority of consecration, presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He died at St. Louis on April 18, 1923 of grippe contracted while conducting a funeral. He was 86 years old, had been a bishop for 56 years, and had helped consecrate 89 bishops.

of a saint in his later years. Indeed, as he drew near the close of his ministry, and word would get around that he was making a visitation to a certain community, plans often were made for all other churches to cancel their services and join together to hear this great and holy man, Leigh Richmond Brewer.

He was a restless, driving person with a great capacity for work. He also demanded this, unstintingly, of others. His physical gifts were coupled with an insight and vision of what this huge and vacant frontier land would become. He was filled, too, with a towering and holy impatience at the weakness and timidities of the struggling infant Church.

He tells another story on himself which illustrates his unpopularity in the early days. Brewer was the guest in one of the homes of his people on a week-end visitation in Virginia City. While waiting for dinner to be served, and sitting alone in the parlor, the host's eight-year-old daughter entered the room. "Come," boomed the Bishop, "give me a big hug." The positive and sullen answer to his invitation was, "I won't." "Well, why not, little girl?" After a moment's silence she replied: "Father says that you are the ruination of the Church." Whatever ground Bishop Brewer gained, he earned!

Another entry in his diary, for February 25th, 1885, provides a detailed example of his bent for unpopularity in the early days in Montana Territory:

"As I returned to Helena for a rest after two months of constantly wandering over this great land, a rough man sat facing me in the car. He leaned over and asked in a confidential tone, 'Are you a travelin' feller?' And I answered Yes, for if a Missionary Bishop doesn't belong in that category I don't know who does!"

"The next evening a man was hanged here by a vigilance committee. He was a notorious criminal, a horse thief, a stage robber, a jailbreaker, a would-be murderer and altogether one of the worst characters to be found in the West. A few weeks ago he escaped from jail in Helena. A large reward was offered for his recapture. He was found and seized by officers of the law in the train yards here. I was astounded to identify my questioner of the train ride. On their way uptown they stopped for breakfast. At his request they took his handcuffs off to allow him to eat, an officer watching him all the time. He drew a pistol which had failed to be

RT. REV. WILLIAM FREDERIC FABER

The giant footsteps of Bishop Brewer were filled on his death in 1916 by this small but energetic man who was to lose his life 18 years later on a solitary hiking trip in Glacier Park. Bishop Faber was born in Buffalo, New York on Feb. 27, 1860. He attended Rochester University, Rochester, N. Y., and then the Auburn Theological seminary of the Presbyterian Church in which church he was ordained, serving for a time a parish in Westfield, N. Y. He entered the Episcopal ministry and was ordained at Geneva, N. Y. After serving Grace Church at Lockport, N. Y., he became rector of St. John's church in Detroit where he remained until his call to Montana to assist Bishop Brewer as coadjutor. Bishop Faber headed the Diocese during the lean years of the Depression, working ceaselessly to further the work. For relaxation the slightly built Bishop frequently visited Glacier Park. He had gone for a hike late in July, 1934, and two and a half days later his body was found by a Park Ranger. Unusually cold weather had apparently caused his death by exposure. Plans to celebrate the 20th anniversary of Bishop Faber's episcopate in the Fall of 1934 were laid aside and his burdens fell on his coadjutor, H. H. H. Fox of Billings.

discovered on his person and shot the officer, wounding him in the hand. He was again overpowered and the journey resumed toward the county jail.

"Of late there have been several incendiary fires in town, including the burning of St. Peter's Church. It was suspected that this criminal was the instigator of them with the object of engaging everyone in town in fighting the fires so that he would have an opportunity to release some of his friends from the county jail.

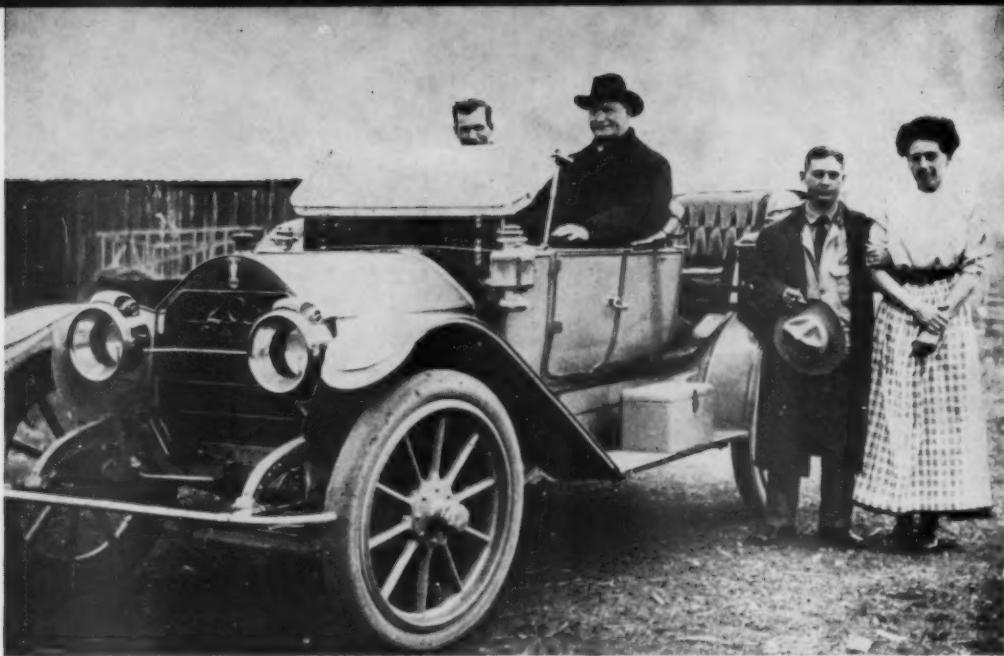
"I do not know if there is any proof of this but the citizens had become exasperated and determined that Con Murphy should never escape again to continue his life of crime. Hearing that he had been captured, a large body of men met the officers on the way to jail and took the prisoner from them. I attempted to interfere and was forcibly restrained until they hanged him without shrift or trial."

"To me this was a lawless proceeding for a law abiding community. It was an awful thing to do. Sometimes, I suppose, such an act is the truest justice and a necessary means of protection. When the delays and evasions of the law are many, and the means of escape abundant, life and property are made unsafe. The wilderness affords large room for concealment. If we can



be admitted to statehood, I believe that the conditions which render such deeds apparently necessary, such as hanging Murphy and restraining bishops, will soon pass away. Therefore, if Congress will pay less attention to political partisanship and more to the needs of the people and the whole country, admitting as states those territories that have any claim to that place, I believe that the

<sup>8</sup>This notorious vigilante action just outside Helena was given a column and a half of space in the *Weekly Independent* in its Jan. 29, 1885 issue. Two law officers, George Bashaw and J. H. McFarland, captured tough Con Murphy and his wild brother in a cabin 15½ miles east of Helena and after handcuffing them took them to the "Miller place, which is now owned and occupied by Bruce Tool. Because of a snowstorm, they stayed there for the night. One of Murphy's hands was released from the handcuffs, according to the news story, to allow him to put on his overcoat. It was then that the prisoner fired a concealed revolver and struck Bashaw in his upraised hand. Murphy then fled upstairs in the place. He was apprehended again when his brother pursued him to come out of hiding. Just as the two officers were preparing to take the brothers to Helena, ten men came up and offered to help take them in. The *Independent* continues: "When the party was within four miles of this city, they were met by another crowd of determined men who demanded that Murphy be delivered to them. Officer Bashaw at first refused but because of his condition he could not resist the crowd. Con Murphy was taken from the sleigh and stood up before a crowd of men who were determined to take justice into their own hands. They were provided with a rope which had the necessary noose, he was walked to a telegraph pole near there and was asked if he had anything to say. He answered only that 'I have had nothing to do with these fires in Helena.' The noose was then adjusted about his neck and the rope thrown over a brace on the pole and during all this time the prisoner remained with set teeth and seemingly unaware of what was upon him. The rope was pulled up by the crowd, and the awful silence was disturbed only by the breaking of the cross piece and letting the man fall to the ground, which afforded him a few minutes more of life. During all this time he did not utter a word, but shook his head when asked for a confession. The mob determined to do the job effectually. They got into the sleigh and carried Murphy to the bridge or trustle of the Northern Pacific railroad, which crosses the gulch. There they swung the rope over a projecting beam and pulled on it until they drew the man into the air. After tying the rope the crowd departed, leaving the dangling corpse of Con Murphy, the notorious horse thief and law breaker, with the ominous figures 3-7-77 attached to his body."



BISHOP BREWER generously fills the front seat of a vintage touring car in this picture, taken in Missoula in about 1910, and reproduced by courtesy of Walter McLeod of Missoula. Standing at the side of the car are the Rev. Henry S. Gatley, rector of the Church of the Holy Spirit in Missoula, and Mrs. Gatley. The Missoula parish was established in 1871 by Bishop Tuttle, who, upon acquiring a 150 x 300 town lot for the church, wrote: "The country around Missoula is an excellent section and at some distant day I must strive to place a pastor there." During the tenure of Bishop Brewer, the present site of the church, at Sixth and Gerald, was chosen. Rector Gatley served the growing congregation from 1910 until his call to Appleton, Wis. in 1925.

cause of law and order will be strengthened and the occasion for deeds of violence diminished."<sup>10</sup>

During the eighties, Bishop Brewer notes frequently that a missionary went A.W.O.L., never to return. After the disappearance of one of his clergy, the Bishop was on one of his eastern trips to raise funds to carry on the work. He writes: "Finally discovered what happened to Moore. He is now in a parish in Brooklyn." (What usually caused the sudden disappearance of a missionary was an occasion which required the timid and fearful man to pass a saloon on his way to the post-office. Some of the men would decide to rough him up a little. The result, frequently, was hasty packing and departure on the next stage or train without any notice to parishioners or bishop).

Bishop Brewer also endured another problem of similar nature. He would make the rounds of seminaries to procure men and then return home announcing the arrival of young men who never showed up. His comment was: "I

wonder who scared them off?" (Frequently it was the Bishop himself, I suspect, because his impatience with men who could not do what he could do was well known, not only in Montana Territory, but throughout the Church.)

Note this diary entry of May 10, 1888: "I was driven back to the railroad, and early in the afternoon I landed at Craig, where I had to spend the night. The next morning at eight I took the stage for Augusta and reached there about five. It was a hard ride, but no harder than a hundred others I have taken. Hard rides do not hurt. They are all promotive of good digestion, sound rest, and they exercise the liver. Therefore I have no reason to complain. I try to go everywhere myself, but I can go here only

<sup>10</sup> The *Helena Weekly Independent* in its issue of Feb. 5, 1885, also did some editorializing: "The capture and execution of Con Murphy, the desperado, has caused a thrill of satisfaction to pass through every ear in the community. Some think he was the instigator of, if not the actual fire fiend, who has applied the torch to four of our stables within the last few nights. He has gone to the only tribunal that can have mercy on such desperate characters. All will regret the necessity for such summary justice; but few will regret the result, which has freed the community from so desperate a villain..."

ARDENT FISHERMAN BREWER is shown here in one of his happy moments, away from frustrating cares as Bishop of Montana's Episcopal Diocese. Taken in 1909, this picture is reproduced by courtesy of Walter McLeod of Missoula. Bishop Brewer loved to fish and told of one fishing interlude he enjoyed with Rector Frank B. Lewis of Bozeman: "I don't like to say anything about Mr. Lewis' fishing qualities. But honesty compells me to state that I caught twenty-three fish, and Mr. Lewis caught none. I don't think that this was due to the fact that one fisherman was a bishop and the other a priest. But I used a fly while Mr. Lewis used a grasshopper. The fly beat the grasshopper, that was all!"

once a year. I want men to follow in my steps, but I will not ask a man to come to my help until I can support him, and even then he must be willing to do what I do. Help does not come. Appeals are not answered. The result is that I am the only missionary of the Church for a large part of the vast region of this Territory. I shall do my work as best I can in patience, hope and faith, but somewhere there is a fault. Missionary Bishops are sent out, but their hands are tied first in New York. They are bidden to make bricks without straw. They never give me any straw, even when I confront them in their offices. If I am not beaten for my default in returns I am neglected and forgotten. The demand comes every year, 'Make your missionary jurisdiction into a self-supporting diocese.' This is a thoughtless, useless and unjust cry. Unless the means are provided to make it possible for missionary bishops to develop resources and to take advantage of opportunities presented, there will be no results. Patience is necessary, but the Church is always saying that to missionary bishops. Mine has long since run out."

Bishop Brewer made a memorable address before the General Convention of the Church in Chicago in 1886 in which he urged that this body distribute funds received from wills to the various missionary districts to assist them in starting their own endowment funds. He concluded this plea by saying: "I do not expect the Church to accept the idea because it makes too much sense." He would return home after such a session and announce that he had been



to Convention, "where people stood and made long speeches, no one listened and then everyone disagreed . . . I heard enough talk in the last three weeks to last me thirty years."

Returning from these frustrating experiences, and the recording of them in his journal, there would follow a contrasting entry: "November 5, 1886: To Fort Assiniboine and services in the Post Chapel. While there I made visits in the surrounding area. I was seated around a cabin fire one evening. Suddenly the door was pushed open and John Andrews stalked in. We saluted him with the usual 'hello, John' and resumed our meditations. He settled himself by the stove and did not have much to say until he filled his pipe. He broke the silence by saying, 'I've got a mean job tomorrow and I'm going to need some help. Got to make a coffin. Bowlin's kid died this afternoon.' Bowlin sent Andrews over here when he heard that I was around and asked if I would make a few remarks at the grave because he 'didn't like to bury the kid without nuthin.' One o'clock the next day found me at the ranch. Andrews had completed the coffin and was arranging an old white skirt around it so that the round boards might seem



RT. REV. HERBERT H. FOX

As third Bishop of the Montana Episcopal Diocese, the Rt. Rev. Fox continued to make his home in Billings from which city he had been assisting Bishop Faber as coadjutor. Born March 11, 1871 in Montclair, N. J., Bishop Fox was graduated from Hobart College and General Theological Seminary, both in New York City. He was ordained a deacon in 1900 and received the robes of priesthood a year later. Before coming to Montana in 1920, he served parishes in Lockport, N. Y., Pontiac, Mich., and St. John church in Detroit. He was elected suffragan (or assistant) bishop of Montana in 1920 and five years later became bishop coadjutor to Bishop Faber. Because of the curtailment of funds incident to the depression, Coadjutor Fox covered a good deal of the territory of the Diocese with Bishop Faber, both of them traveling almost constantly to keep up the work. Known as a kindly and spiritual man, Bishop Fox was a particular favorite of children and young people. He retired from active life in 1939 and continued to make his home in Billings until his sudden death there on Nov. 24, 1943 at the age of 72.

less crude and that there might be some attempt made at decency. Those who live in the cities and see death in gorgeous attire cannot understand this thing. In the wildness of the prairies death is awful. Its approach over-awes the friends of its victim. A grave is dug. The body is interred. A sigh of relief and all is over. The grave is marked for a few months but the weather soon removes this. A farm wagon with four men, a two-wheeled gig and two women, a spring wagon with a man, woman and a coffin. Old John Andrews on horseback, and Bill Cary and myself sadly left the ranch and rode down the steep grade into the draw. This kind of thing is the hardest part of my ministry out here."

Twelve years of his episcopate had passed and Bishop Brewer was still championing a lost cause. This time his dissatisfaction is strongly directed at his own people in Montana: "June 15, 1892: It is too much the case that the Rector is expected to do everything in the parish. If the sexton's work is poorly done, the Rector is blamed for it. If the music is poor he is again at fault. If the congregations are small he is blamed for that too. If the finances are in bad shape he is charged with that. One man can't do everything. This goes for bishops as well as

clergy. The great burden and annoyance that I have is that the Church plans a little work as if it were to be done with our own strength and at as little cost as possible. Then we go home and set timidly and slowly about it, as if we had overestimated our ability. Then we falter and hesitate and become indifferent and the Church that calls itself Christian, and prides itself upon historic continuity with the Apostles who took the world in their embrace and dared to live and die for it, sighs and declines to increase the mean and beggarly sustentation fund for its weary and worn-out clergy, gives its building fund commission a pittance, and flatly refuses to raise any money to mark the anniversary of its independent life. Or, come closer to home, we drop our parish net at the corner of a fine avenue and tie it to a splendid stone building. A good many of us come down on Sunday morning, and a few on Sunday evening to see if any fish have been wise or foolish enough to come into our handsome net, and yet but a block away there is a great multitude of men to whom the heavens are brass, the earth a martyrdom, the Church a name, busy with nothing better than hanging a millstone about the neck of human weakness, that it may sink out of sight and die and we don't try to do anything about it. We have no desire to launch out into the deep

RT. REV. HENRY H. DANIELS

The first Montana Episcopal clergyman to be elevated to the episcopacy of his church, this beloved man became Bishop of the Diocese of Montana in 1939, upon the retirement of Bishop Fox. Bishop Daniels succeeded to the post directly from his position as dean of St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral in Helena. Born at Hertfordshire, England on Feb. 14, 1885, he came to this country after attending college in England. He received his theological training at Berkeley Divinity School in Hartford, Conn. and during his student days he served a small Episcopal parish at Turners Falls, Mass., a town he was to return to in his brief retirement before his death. Daniels was ordained to the priesthood in 1918 and served churches in Pittsfield, Mass. and Thermopolis, Wyo. He was city missionary to institutions in St. Louis before becoming dean of St. Peter's in Helena. He was consecrated Bishop on July 27, 1939, and served until his retirement in February, 1957. His last official act in Helena was to present to the Rt. Rev. Chandler W. Sterling, present bishop, the pectoral cross which had belonged to the late Bishop Faber, the bishop's ring which has been handed down in the diocese since the days of Bishop Brewer. Bishop Daniels' death occurred March 5, 1958 at a Greenfield, Mass. hospital. He was 73.

and so go all our lives coasting along the shores of opportunities and privileges and powers, and we are going to have to give an account of it someday."

A classic story is told of Bishop Brewer after he had acquired a high degree of status and reputation in his later years. He was walking up steep Broadway Avenue in Helena on a cold February morning when the streets were covered with ice and packed snow. He perceived Colonel Wilbur Fisk Sanders cautiously making his way down the street. As they were about to pass each other and exchange the proper greeting, Sanders' feet slid out from under him and he greeted the Bishop from his back, on the sidewalk, directly in front of the aging Apostle. The Bishop was the first to speak. "Well, Colonel, I see that the wicked stand in slippery places," looking down at him in his embarrassed condition. Sanders replied, "So they do, Bishop, but damned if I can."

Bishop Brewer was like a latter-day St. Paul, "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, beside those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?"



When Bishop Brewer came to Montana Territory in 1881 he found clergy only at Virginia City, Butte, Deer Lodge, Helena and Fort Benton. There were 12 organized missions, 10 unorganized missions, only four churches and one rectory. Church property was valued at only \$25,000.

At the end of his ministry, 35 years later, there were 115 Episcopal churches and congregations, served by 36 energetic, dedicated clergymen. A total of 50 church edifices and 25 rectories, valued at \$945,000, were owned by the church. Bishop Brewer himself had officiated at 942 baptisms, 7,140 confirmations in Montana and 3,427 outside the territory, and he had ordained 14 deacons and 16 priests.

But the years of toil were beginning to tell on the rugged physique of Bishop Brewer. In June, 1916, he wrote: "Not having been well for three or four months I at last consulted a doctor. He sent me to St. Peter's hospital, not for repairs but for examination. I was in the hospital but a day and a half, though I was under examination for five days. The resulting verdict was that I could go on with my work, though I might not be able to do as much in the future as I had done in the past."



RT. REV. CHANDLER W. STERLING

Present Bishop (since 1956) of the Episcopal Diocese of Montana and the author of this article on his controversial but saintly predecessor, Bishop Sterling was born in Dixon, Illinois on January 28, 1911. Graduated from Dixon High School, he received his B.A. degree from Northwestern University in 1932 and from Seabury-Western Seminary in Evanston, Illinois, in 1938. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1938 by the late George Craig Stewart, Bishop of Chicago. After serving parishes in Wilmette and Oak Park, Illinois, and later in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, he returned to Freeport, Illinois and became rector of the Church of Our Saviour, Elmhurst, Illinois, where he remained eight years. A "westerner by choice," Rev. Sterling entered the mission field in western Nebraska in 1951 where he specialized in the revitalizing of rural missions. In 1956 he was elected Bishop of Montana.

The fiftieth anniversary of Bishop Brewer's ordination was celebrated in July 1916, but no elaborate events were scheduled, at his request. *The Montana Churchman*, which printed the Bishop's last newsletter in its August, 1916 issue, noted: "We—all of us in Montana—would have wished to mark this event in some way commensurate with its importance, but the Bishop did not desire it and we obeyed . . . To serve the Church for fifty years and the Episcopate for thirty-five; to begin a task in early manhood and end it in ripe old age; to minister to people and their children and grandchildren; to watch the course of Church and state and note their expansion and development for half a century—these are not given to many."

At the age of seventy-seven, still a restless man, Bishop Brewer was filled with the holy impatience that consumed him. In his final address, delivered thirty days before his death, he was still fighting the good fight:

"You cannot fail to see how large is the demand in Montana for men and means if we are in any measure to avail ourselves of existing opportunities! Things are going wrong! You people are not doing what you ought; there is nothing to be done in this or that place, and so on. The first part of this may well be right, but there was once a man and people who did things. The people are satisfied that the Reverend Mr. X ought to go. Their congregations are

dwindling. Their finances are running behind. This question of discontent of clergy and dissatisfaction of the people, both coming to me of course, because they say it is the Bishop's business. Both sides playing me has been a veritable nightmare this past year. Where is your vision? Where is your vocation? The change must be in you, as well as in the clergy. Failure to look this fact squarely in the face will inevitably result in the aggravation of the evils of which you all so loudly complain. I may give you your change, but as the French say, the more you change the more it is the same thing—until you change and give up this silliness. It is the Kingdom we are seeking to establish, not your own convenience and comfort. We are slackening our pace, and I fear for it. This last year I have traveled 24,000 miles, and I am an old man. I can do no more. I am finishing my course. And you complain to me?"

Thirty days later, Monday, August 28, 1916, this giant-of-the-spirit died. He tried to get out of his deathbed, dress and take the train and stage to Virginia City. When human strength did not permit, he laid back on the bed, saying, "This will be the first appointment in thirty-five years that I have missed. Send Sidney Hooker."

By his works was he known and by his works remembered: Leigh Richmond Brewer, Second Episcopal Bishop of Montana Territory, still awaiting the manifestation of the sons of God, and likely still impatient.

# Historic St. Peters Hospital



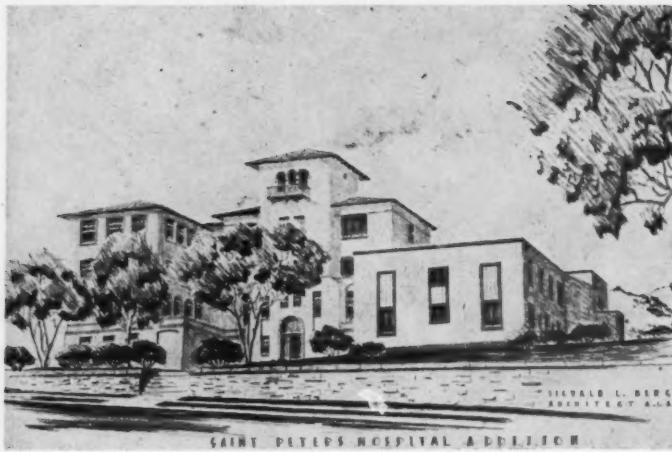
**N**O PROJECT in his struggling diocese claimed more of the prodigious energy of Bishop Leigh Richmond Brewer than St. Peter's Hospital in Helena, the original permanent building of which is pictured here. In this work he was enthusiastically joined by his wife, Henrietta Brewer, whose death in 1902 saddened him and inspired people of his diocese to build, and dedicate to her in 1910, the Henrietta Brewer Memorial building which is still in use.

A small group of "visiting ladies" organized in Helena in the 1880's by Mrs. Brewer began ministering to the sick. The first patient was admitted July 27, 1884, to "The Grange," a large house which had been moved from the Helena Valley to a location near the Northern Pacific tracks on Helena Avenue. The former A. M. Holter residence on Jackson Street was later used by the infant hospital, which Bishop Brewer described in his diary in 1884: "St. Peter's Hospital, started last June, is struggling on with its difficulties, working its way slowly toward permanence and success. What shall be done with it? That is a question that troubles me now. I dislike to make appeals. Must I fold my hands and wait for what will come? God help me to be wise and prudent! God help the Church to be wise and generous!"

In 1886 the Auxiliary of the Diocese of Connecticut appropriated \$400 a year for the salary of Montana's first trained nurse. The person who was willing to come to Montana for that small sum turned out to be Miss Georgia C. Young, a graduate of the New Haven, Conn., training school. She remained as superintendent of St. Peter's for 20 years.

Bishop Brewer laid the cornerstone of the splendid new building, located on the corner of Eleventh Avenue and what was then called Pearl Street (but now is Logan Street) in April, 1886. Construction was completed late in 1887, Bishop Brewer ruefully noting in his diary that "we shall also have a debt of \$15,000; that will be a trouble and a worry to me, but the work is begun and must go on." The official opening day, during which many visitors were conducted through, came on April 17, 1888. "St. Peter's Hospital is now fairly started on its work of love and mercy," the Bishop wrote.

On a Saturday in March, 1889, the Bishop wrote in his diary about a visit he made to the fine new hospital building. "I found everything in good condition," he said, "the wards were full, the private rooms occupied. There was a man with his hands gone; they were blown off in a mine by a charge of dynamite. He told me he had been at work for some time in the Jay Gould Mine. He gave up the place to go back to his cabin where he had been prospecting. In crossing the gulch on fallen timber, he fell into the water. He managed to get out of the water and crawl up the bank, and remained unconscious there for four days.



When he came to his senses, his feet were frozen. Somehow he managed by great exertion to get to a ranch from where he was taken to our Hospital. There, both feet had to be amputated. He is now in a fair way to recovery and cheerful. He has no means, but we shall take care of him and raise money to buy him artificial feet. I found him with a catalog relating to artificial limbs, by the side of his cot, and he was planning how he could yet make his own living. I believe that such work is true of Him Who came to heal human infirmities!"

Bishop Brewer made sad reference to his wife's illness and death in 1902. "There is little to be said, but the words of the old patriarch of the East remained to give hope and comfort: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.' My wife has been called to eternal rest, and I must go on with my work." In April, two years later, he wrote: "At Philipsburg, a class of boys handed me an envelope which contained \$12.00 and was marked, 'For the Henrietta Brewer Memorial building of St. Peter's Hospital.' They had earned this money themselves, and thought up the whole idea, and gave it to me. I am indeed grateful, not only for the gift of money, but for the gift of love in their attitude and industry."

The contract for the Henrietta Brewer building was let in 1908 and the structure was dedicated in March, 1910. Whereas the original building, with furnishings, cost about \$20,000, the Bishop noted in his diary that at least \$30,000 was still needed to pay for the building erected in his wife's memory. "My idea is that we put up the building and then wait for money to complete and furnish it," he wrote in 1908. The generous Easter offering at St. Peter's Parish, in 1909, helped the project by \$2,200.

In 1931 a surgical wing was added to the Memorial Building, a gift of Mrs. Conrad Kohrs in memory of her cattleman husband. This brought a vital new obstetrical room, a modern operating room and much-needed additional private rooms. Finally, in 1957, the spacious new George Cormack Memorial wing was completed, to bring St. Peter's Hospital, now a full-fledged community institution, to full flower.

The venerable old building which Bishop Brewer, his wife and parishioners strove so hard to build, was partially destroyed by fire in 1901 but was rebuilt and refurnished. After completion of the Conrad Kohrs addition, the original hospital was used as a nurses home until 1937 when Perkins House was built at the back of the lot. The old hospital was torn down in the late 1930's and some of its historic ground is now used as a parking lot.

## OLD WEST PROFILE

# Fort Laramie and The Historic Postal Markings of the West

by HARRY L. FINE



**S**TUDY OF THE postal history of the West, a rich and challenging field for the researcher, is deeply bound up with Fort Laramie, the first permanent fur trading post in Wyoming and the place where significant Western history was in the making from the dim days of the fur traders through the exciting years of westward expansion. Indeed, it is a rare document dealing with Western history that does not mention this historic spot, located at the junction of the Laramie and Platte Rivers in southeastern Wyoming.

Laramie River got its name in 1820 for a French-Canadian trapper named Jacques La Ramee who was killed by Indians at the spot. The first trading post there was established in 1834 by Fur Traders Robert Campbell and William L. Sublette and was named Fort William. The founders sold out the following year to a syndicate of trappers, who in turn sold it to the American Fur Company. The new owners enlarged the installation, adding bastions and blockhouses for defense, and renaming it Fort John in honor of John B. Sarpy, an officer of the fur company.

For a time, the post was known as both Fort William and Fort John, and it is said that a shipping clerk mistakenly marked a box "Fort Laramie" instead of "Fort John on the Laramie." Campbell, who then owned a supply house in St. Louis, saw the marking, liked the new appellation, and it was adopted.

On the recommendation of John C. Fremont, who had explored the region in 1842 and 1843, the U. S. Government purchased Fort Laramie in 1849 from the American Fur Company. The purchase price: \$4,000.

It was in August, 1849, that the first mail arrived at Fort Laramie by supply train. Provision was made for the deposit of letters at the Fort and these were carried by military and private express to post offices in Missouri. The charge was 25 cents per letter.

The official mail service by way of Fort Laramie to the Mormon settlement of Salt Lake City was inaugurated during the summer of 1850, when Samuel H. Woodson was awarded a Government contract for transporting mail from Independence, Mo. to Salt Lake. The contract called for a monthly trip

SUTLER'S STORE at Fort Laramie, Wyo., one of the oldest buildings of its kind still standing, served as postoffice at the historic post as well as a recreational center for officers.

each way at \$19,500 per year. At first no mail stations were maintained, one team or set of pack animals being used for the entire trip. The following year, however, the mail line was divided into two segments with Fort Laramie as division point. Horses and drivers were changed here about the 15th of each month, schedules being maintained quite well in summer but becoming erratic in the late fall, winter and early spring.

The first post office at Fort Laramie was established on March 14, 1850, with John S. Tutt as postmaster. It is believed that this postoffice was housed in the Sutler's store. It is certain that the store, one of the buildings at Fort Laramie still standing, served as the postoffice in later years.

The postal markings shown here and others which gradually have come to light, reveal the Territorial status of this area which did not become the State of Wyoming until July 10, 1890. Prior to May 30, 1854, the whole unorganized territory was referred to as Indian Country. From that time on the Territorial status was as follows:

Nebraska Territory, May 30, 1854 to March 3, 1863; Idaho Territory, March 3, 1863 to May 26, 1864; Dakota Territory, May 26, 1864 to July 29, 1868; Wyoming Territory, July 29, 1868 until Wyoming statehood, July 10, 1890.

Harry L. Fine, long a Montana resident, has devoted his spare time for the past eight years to compiling information about Montana postal history and in collecting historically significant postal markings from this and other Western territories. A native of Henning, Minn., Mr. Fine spent his boyhood and went to public school and college in Jamestown, N. Dak. He has been employed for 33 years by the Beacon Falls Rubber Co. and lived in Billings, Mont., for 20 years before moving to Los Altos, Calif. in 1959, where he headquarters as western division manager of his firm. His postal hobby history deals with the establishment of post offices, their locations and duration, as well as government mail contracts, routes used, and the early express and stage lines. Mr. Fine has written a number of articles for philatelic publications and was the author of a feature story published in 1956 by the Billings Gazette.

Five historic examples of Fort Laramie postal markings which follow are of the general type. All reveal not only status of the Territory at the time but determine routes of carriage and whether transported by government or by private carrier.

One postal marking, never found, is that of "Fort Laramie, Idaho Territory." The writer continues to search and dig for this and other rare postal markings of this epic era and invites correspondence and exchange of information on the subject.



—Courtesy Edwin R. Payne, Salem, Ore.

In the early 1930's a *Fort Laramie O.R.* folded type letter which was stampless and carried the "Paid 3" rate was found. (The sender had the option of either buying a stamp or prepaying the rate wherein the postmaster stamped the envelope "Paid 3." If the letter had not been prepaid and was paid for by the receiver, the rate would have been 5 cents). The "O" was not clear and looked like a "C". The opinion was that the abbreviation stood for Central Route. Later, however, another *Fort Laramie O.R.* envelope was found with a clear "O" and the thought was then that it meant Oregon Route. Upon further investigation it was found the Post Office department attached Fort Laramie to Clackamas County, Oregon Territory, for administrative purposes during the period from March, 1850 to May 30, 1854. This information first appears in the official postal guide for the year 1851. There are nine known envelopes or folded letters in collectors' hands with the *Fort Laramie O.R.* marking. One of these sold at auction recently for \$300.



—Courtesy John Pope III, St. Louis, Mo.

The *Fort Laramie M.T.* cancellation first appeared on letters written in 1865. Fort Laramie was never in Montana Territory. My correspondence with several collectors and postal history students indicates the opinion that with slow communications and indefinite

boundary lines, the postmaster at Fort Laramie probably thought they were located in Montana Territory, created in May, 1864.

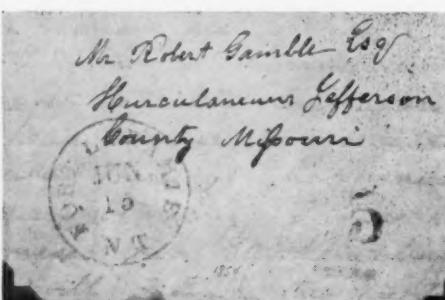
It was my good fortune to uncover the following information, quoted from a letter dated June 5, 1957 from the office of the Deputy Postmaster General: "For the year 1865, the official register shows Fort Laramie as a post office in Dakota Territory, Idaho Territory and Montana Territory. L. Schuyder is shown as a postmaster in each listing."

The National Archives in Washington D. C. discloses further that a record of payments to the postmaster for the period ending June 30, 1865 are as follows:

|                              | Compensation | Balance Due |
|------------------------------|--------------|-------------|
| Under Dakota Territory.....  | \$152.50     | \$154.32    |
| Under Idaho Territory.....   | 152.50       | .....       |
| Under Montana Territory..... | 389.08       | 27.16       |

It is my opinion that this again is a case where the Post Office department considered Fort Laramie in Montana Territory for administrative purposes. The traffic on the Bozeman trail was heavy at that period and was being used by many on their way to and from the new placer gold diggings at Bannack and Virginia City, M.T. Mail could have been deposited at Fort Laramie and postmarked with the M.T. marking.

There are only four known envelopes with the *Fort Laramie M.T.* cancellation. The last one sold at auction for \$170, about three years ago.



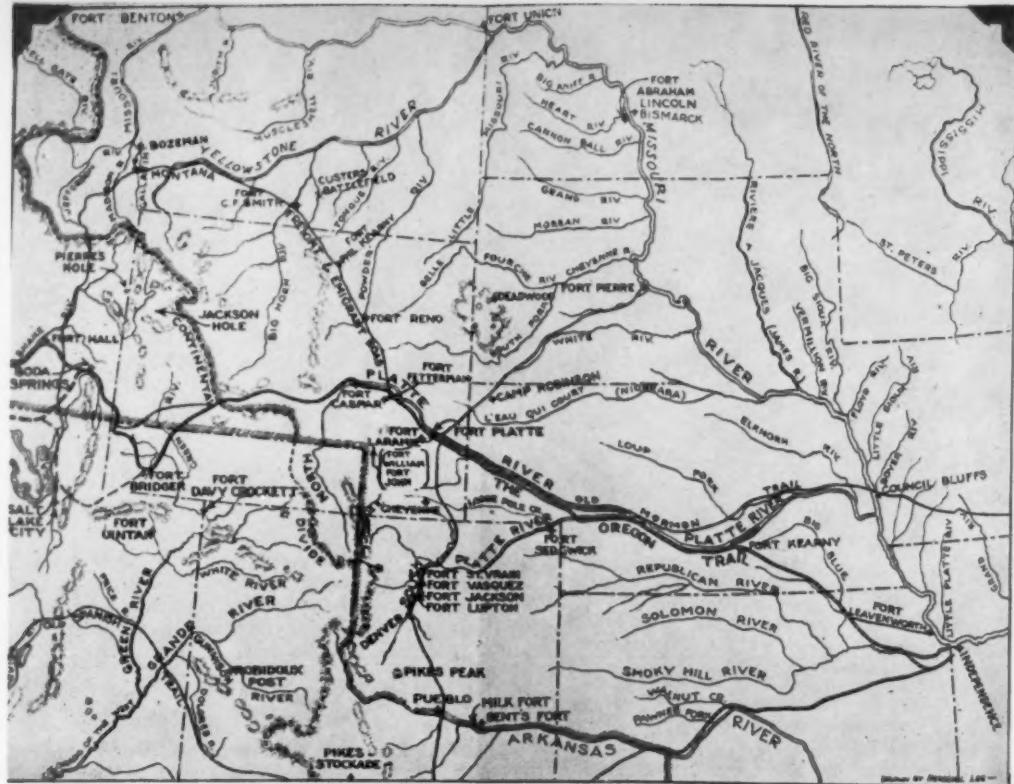
—Harry L. Fine Collection

The *Fort Laramie N.T.* (Nebraska Territory) marking has been found in both black and blue. The postal rates are either a Paid 3 or 5 cents. Here again the sender had the option of prepaying the letter at the 3 cent rate or sending it collect with the 5 cent rate paid by the receiver of the letter. The marking shown here carries the 5 cent rate.

The contents of the letter has no postal history value but was written on the trail. Readers of this article will enjoy its historical pungency:

Fort Laramie June the 6 1854

Dear Father, I take this opportunity to letting you know that I am well and Skelt is well and hope these few lines will find you all in the land of the living. We are geting along on the road first rate, we left Karney [no doubt Fort Kearney] on 22nd of May, this is June 6th and we are in thirty miles



FORT LARAMIE REGIONAL MAP, reprinted by permission of the publishers, The Arthur H. Clark Company, from *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West* by L. R. Hafen and F. M. Young.

of Laramia, so in the last two weeks have upwards of three hundred miles and laid up one day and half in that time. All the cattle looks well except one or two old cows and one of them ought to die. Old Misery, it is a foot race every morning after her, we are all back on foot this morning all over horses took to stampeded last night and left us to drive the cattle and soon as Skelt and Sue could see the tracks they started on. As luck was on our side the horses was tired of traveling in day time on stayed on the road to California. Kept the road and went about fifteen miles and some Indians caught them and piked them and Skelt and Sue got them and started back and met us. We lost a cow the same night, traveled on and camped at a place on the Platt river and run a narrow risk of losin some of our cattle, some man camped just above us and got his cattle alklied and lost eighteen head one or two nights before we camped there, it happened none of our cattle got any. I saw Charley and Clem Thomesis and the Stricklin boys on the road, they was well and I think they are behind us. We are ahead of the crowd of immigrants but there is a great many ahead of us, some wagons passed Laramay on the 1st of May. Skelt bought a hundred pounds of flouer and had to pay 12 dollars for the hundred pounds and if we cannot get flouer at Laramia he will half to send by Salt Lake for more, he started with 9 hundred pounds of flouer, the most of the emigration is on the North side of the Platt, there is very little sickness on the plains this year . . .

Fort Laramie Dakota Territory letters are found with a variety of abbreviations such as D.T., Daka., Dak. and Dakota. The Fort Laramie, D.T. markings are the most common and although considered valuable, as many as fifty are known to be in collectors' hands.



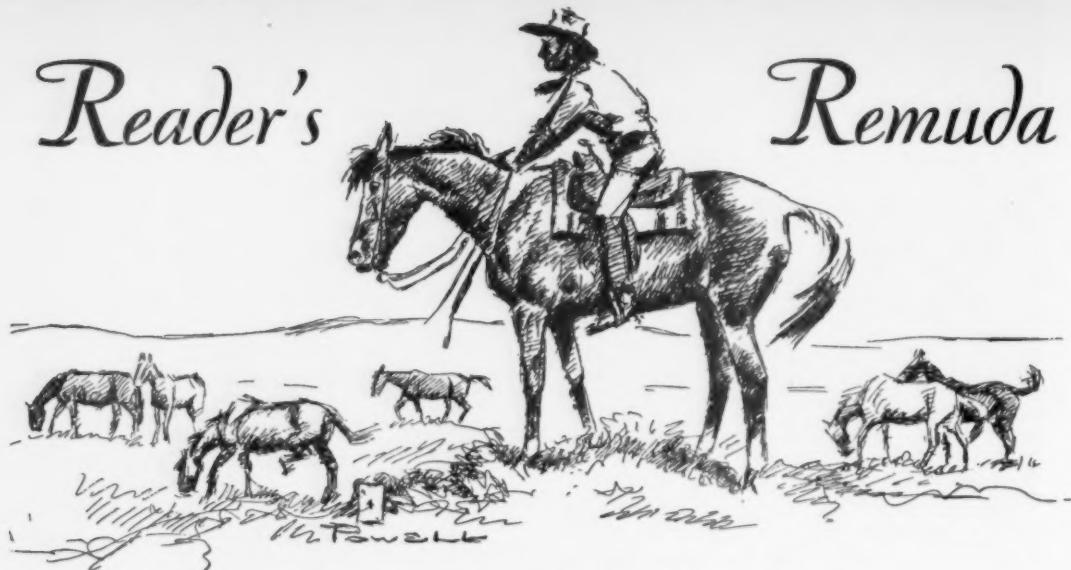
—Harry L. Fine Collection



—Harry L. Fine Collection

The Fort Laramie Wyoming Territory markings are known in a variety of abbreviations, too, viz., W.T., Wyo T.Y., WG.T.Y. and WGT.Y. The example shown here is rare. The contents of this letter was written by a soldier stationed at Fort Laramie in early 1869. It is signed with the address of Fort Laramie D.T. when actually the Fort was a part of Wyoming Territory. The change took place when Wyoming Territory was created, July 29, 1868.

# Reader's Remuda



## *A Roundup of the new western books*

Guest Editor of this section for the past four issues has been Dr. Carl Ubbelohde of the Department of History, University of Colorado at Boulder. He has ably served during the absence of his colleague, Dr. Robert G. Athearn, who has spent the past year teaching history at the University College of North Wales.

"WHOOP-UP COUNTRY: THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN WEST, 1865-1885," by Paul F. Sharp. (Second Edition, Historical Society of Montana, Helena, 1960. xix + 347 pp., ill., maps, notes, index, \$6.50.) Robert W. Johannsen, professor of history at the University of Illinois and author of *Frontier Politics and the Sectional Conflict* reviews this book.

In 1955, the University of Minnesota Press first published "Whoop-Up Country" and the book was received with wide and justified acclaim as a significant and perceptive study in Western regionalism. The Historical Society of Montana has now re-issued the work, embellished with illustrations by Charles M. Russell and introduced briefly by Michael Kennedy, Director of the Society. There is no reason to alter or modify in any way the praise originally bestowed on Professor Sharp's study.

Extending northward from Fort Benton on the Missouri River to Fort McLeod, in present day Alberta, the Whoop-Up Trail was one of the vital life-lines of Western trade and commerce, binding together a vast region that lay on both sides of the international boundary between Canada and the United States. The region possessed a cohesion and a unity that defied its bisection by the line that had validity only on

the maps. Professor Sharp has related in broad outlines the history of the Whoop-Up Country during its twenty-year heyday, from the first fur traders who traversed the area to the railroad builders, whose achievement destroyed the feeling of "area kinship" and who gave new and significant meaning to the unmarked boundary between the two nations. The story of these twenty years was the story of fur and whisky traders, of red-coated Mounted Police, cowboys, town-builders, merchant princes, and restless and defiant Indians; Professor Sharp has portrayed these characters in brilliant colors.

There are several reasons why this is an outstanding book. In the first place, the author has achieved a happy combination of high scholarly standards and popular, vivid presentation. The book is closely documented and reflects the digestion of a wide array of sources; yet its story is an exciting one and the author has succeeded admirably in conveying this excitement to the reader. Secondly, the narrative never bogs down in the tiresome detail which characterizes much of the writing of local history. While the author has focused his attention on the Whoop-Up Country, he has not forgotten that this area was but part of a larger whole, and that its story was influenced by and did itself influence events that transcended the time and place to which he has directed his study. In short, the story of the Whoop-Up Country

has been placed in a larger, meaningful perspective. Finally, the author has not been unaware that the story of the Whoop-Up Country is the story of the Canadian and American Wests in microcosm, that much can be drawn from the region's history to enlighten us on Western experience in general. Professor Sharp makes some valuable comparisons between the British and American experience on the plains and his commentaries on the character of Westward expansion both north and south of the forty-ninth parallel bring our knowledge of the West into sharper focus.

Since the publication of the first edition, Professor Sharp has been "graduated" from college teaching to college administration. It is my earnest hope that we may continue to receive such excellent works as "Whoop-Up Country" from his pen, in spite of the manifold responsibilities of the college president.

\* \* \*

"*BOOTS AND SADDLES' OR, LIFE IN DAKOTA WITH GENERAL CUSTER*," by *Elizabeth Bacon Custer*. Introduction by Jane R. Stewart. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1961. xxx + 280 pp., ill., appendix. \$2.00). This volume, number seventeen in the Western Frontier Library, is reviewed by Agnes Wright Spring, State Historian of Colorado and author of the recent *Horse Wrangler*.

This is a warmly human, first-hand account of the hardships, disappointments, fun and flattery, joys, and heartaches of women who accompanied their military husbands across the sage, up turbulent rivers, over the badlands of Dakota into the far reaches of the Western frontier, during the Indian troubles of the mid-1870's.

Wife of one of America's most controversial army figures, Elizabeth Custer was with her husband, General George Custer of the gallant Seventh Cavalry, on most of his field assignments. Often the petite, delicate-featured Elizabeth rode with the General a little in advance of the great column of horsemen and the dust-ridden wagons on train.

During the years 1873 to 1876, spanned by Mrs. Custer's story, the Seventh Cavalry was stationed at Fort Lincoln and Fort Rice in Dakota Territory.

With adoration verging on idolatry, Mrs. Custer focuses her account on the General. Every verb used to describe his actions is packed with motion and vigor.

Mrs. Jane R. Stewart, a historian in her own right, as well as the wife of Dr. Edgar I. Stewart, author of the popular "Custer's Luck," has written a sympathetic and penetrating introduction to this reprint of "Boots and Saddles," which was first published eleven years after the so-called Custer Massacre.

Despite the lack of "creature comforts" on the frontier, the women who made homes for their army husbands were spared domestic care. They had, for the most part, good servants and orderlies who were eager to serve. The army officers, according to Mrs. Custer, "cherished and appreciated their wives and showed great tenderness for them because they had the courage to live on the fringe of civilization" where danger was ever present. There the woman's chief role was to supply cheer, gaiety, companionship, and a homelike atmosphere.

Elizabeth Custer was whatever the occasion demanded: nurse to a group of frost-bitten soldiers who had found their way to her door in a raging blizzard; any-hour-of-the-day hostess to the regiment; the garrison's favorite confidante.

Mrs. Custer's book ends, appropriately enough, with the day on which she received the news of the disaster at the Little Big Horn. Reprinted in good format, as one of the Western Frontier Library of the University of Oklahoma Press, "Boots and Saddles" is fascinating reading.

\* \* \*

"*THE ASSINIBOINES. From the Accounts of the Old Ones Told to First Boy* (James Larpenteur Long)," edited by Michael Stephen Kennedy. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1961. 1xxvi + 209 pp. ill., bibl., index, \$5.00.) This review is by Professor Edgar I. Stewart of Eastern Washington College of Education, a frequent contributor to these review columns.

To write a review of this book poses several problems in objectivity. Just what does one do when the editor happens to be not only one of the reviewer's best friends, but also the Director of the Historical Society of Montana from whom the reviewer has received many favors in the past, and to whom he expects to be even more indebted in the future? To compound the difficulty the publisher of the volume under consideration is one with whom the reviewer's relations have been nothing but cordial. The subject also happens to be

one in which the reviewer is intensely interested, thus precluding a solution of the problem by the "duck and run" technique.

But fortunately these dilemmas resolve themselves rather easily since this is a first-class book and one of which little adverse criticism could honestly be made. It is the story of the Assiniboines, one of the really great, although comparatively unknown, Indian tribes of the Great Plains. The narrative is related by one of their own number, James Larpenteur Long, or to give him his Indian name, First Boy, which means "a leader among boys." And Mr. Long had the stories from the "old ones," the elders of the tribe, most of whom did not speak English, and even the notes upon which the later narrative was based, were taken in Assiniboine.

The present volume, number fifty-eight in the Civilization of the American Indian Series, is a reprint of a volume published in 1942 under the title "Land of Nakoda." This was one product of the Writer's Program of the Works Progress Administration of which the present editor was supervisor for the State of Montana. This book has been out of print and almost unobtainable for some fifteen years, so that the present edition meets a very real need.

The editor provides a somewhat lengthy introduction which constitutes the best factual history of the Assiniboines that has appeared to date. But in mentioning the Sun Dance, a ceremony common to all of the plains tribes, Mr. Kennedy inadvertently gives the wrong impression as to its severity among the Blackfeet where self torture was not the most important part of the ceremony as it was among the Teton Sioux. For a description of the Sun Dance among the Blackfeet the reader is referred to "The Blackfeet; Raiders of the Northwestern Plains," by John C. Ewers, (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1958) pp. 174-184. Also in an autobiographical chapter, First Boy states that he was born in 1888, and that the Ghost Dance, which he refers to as a "new Indian religion which originated in the South," was introduced when he was about fourteen, which would put the date of its introduction as 1902. Since the affair at Wounded Knee Creek was in 1890, the question arises as to whether the Ghost Dance faith persisted this long, or is merely an example of an old man's memory playing him false? He further states that he was baptized a Catholic in 1896 and seems to infer that this was after the appearance of the Ghost Dance.

The stories collected here range over the entire experience of a people, covering the

legends as well as the life of this great buffalo hunting people. Tribal dances and other ceremonies, courtship and marriage customs, and the rearing of the children are described in considerable detail. The legend concerning the coming of the summer season should be compared with the Greek account of the same subject. The volume is a treasure house of authentic material concerning the American Indian. It will be of especial value to teachers for here is raw material concerning the daily life as well as the history of a great tribe. It well deserves to be in the library of every educational institution in the United States.

\* \* \*

"THE EARP BROTHERS OF TOMBSTONE: THE STORY OF MRS. VIRGIL EARP," by Frank Waters. (Clarkson N. Potter, New York, 1960. 247 pp., \$5.00). Gene M. Gressley, Archivist at the University of Wyoming at Laramie and a frequent contributor to this publication, reviews this new biography.

"Saloon keeper, card shark, gunman, bigamist, church deacon, policeman, bunco artist and supreme confidence man"—can this be a description of the renowned Wyatt Earp, guardian of the Old West? Or was Earp made in the mold of the gallant knight on horseback who gallops into American homes every Tuesday evening? Frank Waters certainly has no doubts, for his book is largely a debunking of a legend.

Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Waters took down the reminiscences of an eighty-year-old sister-in-law of Wyatt Earp, Mrs. Virgil Earp. (The manuscript was then placed in the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society where it has since reposed.) It is this account of Mrs. Earp that the author has used as the backbone for this book, skillfully weaving in background material to provide a full setting.

The Earp family migrated from Council Bluffs to Dodge City to Tombstone and on to several Nevada mining camps. The multifold impression given the reader is that they were a shiftless, pathetic and unfortunate lot, who occupied a fringe existence, both economically and socially in the Western communities. The Earps' chief claim to fame—the O. K. Corral fight which has been "immortalized" in song and story—was a half-minute street brawl in which they had the good foresight to be armed when their enemies weren't.

If the "real" Wyatt Earp was a no-good bum, then why all the fascination? Waters'

partial answer is that Earp had the good fortune to have his story inflated by Stuart N. Lake in his biography, "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal." In this tome, Earp appears full-blown as the defender of the law-abiding citizenry against outlawry.

Yet it is obviously more than just a laudatory biography which has kept the Wyatt Earp legend alive. Quite as apparent is the insatiable greed of the public for the Western folk hero, served up in a variety of ways, but usually against the background of the tried and true setting of evil succumbing (after several shots and proper groans) to good—a morality play, if you will, in horse opera style.

Mr. Waters may have been sincere when he indicates that he is offering this account as an antidote to the Earp myth. However, I trust we would be doing him an injustice to assume that he was naive enough to believe he could destroy a legend. The bad guys will keep going down in a blaze of gunfire every Tuesday evening until the boredom conquers the occupants of the overstuffed armchairs. May we even conjecture that many authors of the western scene, including Waters, would hardly view the collapse of the myth with equanimity? For what sale would "The Earp Brothers of Tombstone" have if there hadn't existed the legend?

In sum, those who are mesmerized by the contemporary Earp legend, in myth or in reality, will be fair game for this book.

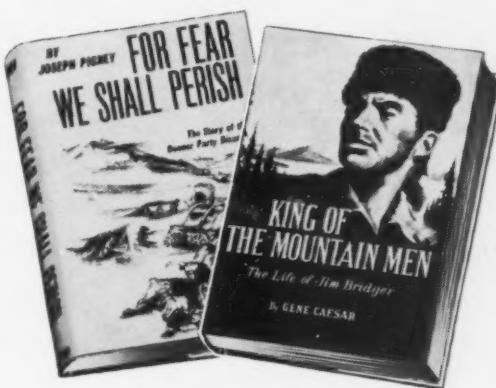
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"BATTALION OF SAINTS," by Richard Wormser. (David McKay Company, New York, 1961. 312 pp., \$4.95.) Forbes Parkhill of Denver, who reviews this new novel, is an author of western fiction (*Trooper's West*) and non-fiction, and has reviewed other novels for this magazine.

This novel, notes the author, follows history rather closely. It deals with the march of a Mormon infantry battalion from Council Bluffs, Iowa to Santa Fe during the war with Mexico, and is told from the viewpoint of Ned Springer, young mountain man employed to guide the expedition across the plains.

Following the expulsion of his followers from Missouri, Brigham Young agrees to recruitment of the battalion as a means of transporting at government expense five hundred of his followers toward his projected Land of Zion.

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The expedition is commanded by officers of the regular army who are forbidden to interfere with the religious practices of the Latter Day Saints, a situation leading to constant friction. The officers soon find that the volunteers recognize only the authority of two elders, a captain and a bugler, in matters where army and church authorities clash.

To the consternation of the officers, the expedition is joined shortly after its start by a number of Mormon women. The army cannot abandon them in Indian country, and mutiny is feared if the volunteers are ordered to drive their womenfolk back.

The volunteers refuse to take the medicines prescribed by the army contract doctor. Many die of disease, including the competent, tolerant commanding officer, who is succeeded by an incompetent, tactless lieutenant who hates the Mormons.

Against the advice of the guide he chooses the waterless, desert Cimarron cut-off because the map shows it to be the shortest route. During the crossing some are killed by hostile Indians and the remainder nearly perish from lack of water. The officer attempts to discharge the guide, who refuses to abandon the volunteers in the barren desert. Tension and suspense mount page by page.

To complicate matters the young guide, a Gentile, falls in love with a Mormon girl who has been chosen by an elder as his "celestial bride" in a plural marriage.

The excellence of this book lies in the author's thorough knowledge of his subject and his skill in portraying his characters under the stress of violent emotion and constant danger.

"Battalion of Saints" should rank as one of this year's outstanding novels of the West.

**WANTED FOR CASH** by collector of postmarks and postal history, letters dated before 1890. Contents of no interest, just markings on envelopes. Harry Fine, 726 Morgan Place, Los Altos, California.

**"POLITICS AND GRASS: THE ADMINISTRATION OF GRAZING ON THE PUBLIC DOMAIN,"** by Phillip O. Foss. (U. of Wash. Press, Seattle, 1960. ix, 236 pp., \$4.50.) This review is by F. G. Renner, former Montanan and long associated with the management of western range lands. Mr. Renner is personally acquainted with many of the persons and events described by the author and is particularly well qualified to appraise the facts and conclusions in Mr. Foss' book.

"Politics and Grass" starts with a brief history of the public domain and the various, and largely ill-advised, acts of Congress designed to dispose of these lands. The author's explanation of the reasons most of these attempts failed provides a suitable background for the detailed study of the policies and administration of the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 which is the main subject of his book. The picture he paints is not a pretty one and reflects little credit on some of the actions of the early administrators of this legislation, or on those of many leaders of the livestock industry. These actions, the author feels, have circumvented the basic purposes of the legislation in many areas.

A basic error in judgment was made when Secretary Ickes told the Congress that this vast area of 160 million acres could be administered for \$150,000 a year and that the grazing fees charged the stockmen should not be allowed to exceed these costs. The Act itself provided that "reasonable fees" would be established but for the next twenty years the stockmen and their Congressional supporters were able to use the Secretary's testimony as a weapon to hold the fees to a minimum and, in turn, prevent the employment of a force adequate to administer the lands properly.

Faced with the herculean job of administering an area larger than the republic of France with a force of twenty men, the first Director of Grazing had only one recourse. This was to turn for help to the stockmen whose use of the public range he was supposed to regulate. For this purpose a network of stockmen's boards was set

up. While these were called "Advisory Boards," in practice they were not only allowed but encouraged "to become the local governing agency as to all matters of a range regulatory nature concerning their particular district." In this capacity, the Advisory Boards largely decided who would use the range and how many animals would be allowed to run on the public lands. Some of them went far beyond this and decided whether the rules laid down by the Secretary of the Interior would be followed or disregarded and not infrequently forced the transfer or resignation of public officials who disagreed with them.

As a student of government, Mr. Foss has shown by case history methods how a relatively small group with powerful political support has been able to influence public policy, develop the rules, and eventually assume the powers required to execute that policy in a manner favorable to its own interests. He concludes that under the domination of the Advisory Board system there has been little improvement of the public range and that injury has not been stopped although it has been lessened. He concedes that unrestricted competition for the use of these lands has been eliminated and to this extent, the range livestock industry dependent on them has been stabilized. In short, that the objectives of the Taylor Grazing Act have been met only to a limited extent, far less than the public has a right to expect.

The study was based on a careful examination of much of the available source materials. These included minutes of the Advisory Boards, records of Congressional Hearings, working files of the Bureau of Land Management, and first hand information from many of the principals involved, both public officials and stockmen. The facts presented cannot be disputed. Their selection and interpretation is another matter. To this reviewer, the book is decidedly one-sided. The author gave great emphasis to incidents in which the stockmen exercised an improper influence but little credit to their many constructive actions, or to the highly important assistance they rendered in efforts to help carry out the provisions of the Taylor Grazing Act. On the other hand, the statements of the public officials involved, not all of

them confined to those made by employees of the Department of the Interior, were generally accepted at their face value. A more critical examination would have shown that some of these were made with an ulterior motive and were not in accordance with the facts.

\* \* \*

"FREDERIC REMINGTON'S OWN WEST," written and illustrated by *Frederic Remington*. Edited and with an introduction by Harold McCracken. (Dial Press, New York, 1961. 254 pp., \$7.50). This review, which appeared in the *New York Times Book Review*, Jan. 29, 1961, is by Angie Debo, writer of books and articles on the Indian and Western history, including *Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic*, a recent reissue from the University of Oklahoma Press.

Frederic Remington's portrayal of the Old West through painting and sculpture has survived to our day, but in his lifetime his writings were almost equally well known. His articles and short stories appeared in such magazines as *Century*, *Harper's*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*: his books comprised both fiction and nonfiction. Most of these writings have long been out of print. Harold McCracken, Director of the Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney Gallery of Western Art in Cody, Wyo., and author of numerous Western books, has selected twenty-six of what he considers the artist's best articles and stories (two never published before) for inclusion in the present volume, with reproductions of 115 of his original illustrations.

Here are pictured the hardbitten men, tough horses and savage landscapes that show the unmistakable trademark of Remington's art. It is a distinct shock to turn from these harsh drawings to the simpering affectation of his writing. Selecting a page at random one reads that Gen. Nelson A. Miles "has little levity in his mental make-up; and should you desire to occupy his time, guard well your speech, or with pointed remarks, he may make you regret an indiscretion." Or typical of the sentimentality of his fiction is the bereaved

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young Indian "in search of a war party, that he might . . . have an opportunity to sacrifice honorably a life which had become irksome to him."

The editor tried, as far as he could, to arrange the material chronologically, and there is a noticeable improvement in the quality of the writing toward the end of the book—even an occasional vigorous passage or a terse characterization. At his best, however, Remington saw only the surface. He was at the Army posts in Arizona during the Apache wars, and with scouting parties during the Sioux ghost-dance excitement that brought the death of Sitting Bull and the massacre at Wounded Knee, but he contributes nothing to the history of these events. He did, however, record the techniques of trail and camp and the details of dress and accouterments with meticulous precision. These are the qualities that give his art its documentary accuracy.

The editing is sketchy, being in the form of bracket-enclosed explanations in the body of the text, and some of these are erroneous. The physical makeup of the book is disappointing.

\* \* \*

"WAR-PATH AND BIVOUAC, OR THE CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX,"  
by John F. Finerty. Introduction by Oliver Knight. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1961. x1 + 355 pp. \$2.00). This volume, number 18

in The Western Frontier Library, is reviewed by Max L. Heyman, Jr. of Los Angeles Valley College.

"Long John" Finerty had a thirst for news. He was, in consequence, a gem among newspaper correspondents. Tall and thin, as his nickname implies, with auburn hair and a ruddy complexion, this 29-year-old Irishman was an experienced reporter when, in 1876, he hastened west to cover the Indian wars for the Chicago Times.

In 1890, relying mainly upon the dispatches he had sent to his paper, Finerty recreated in this book his adventures while riding with the troops that pursued the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country and along the Canadian line. The work is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the Crook expedition of 1876 and the last with the Miles campaign of 1879, which involved the Nez Perce as well.

When he describes the events in which he actually participated, as Professor Knight of the Indiana University journalism department asserts in the introduction, Finerty's is an exciting narrative. This obtains through most of the pages, for the "Fighting Irish Pencil Pusher," as he was affectionately called by the men in the ranks, was in the thick of things, sharing the hardships and dangers of the command. Yet he wrote without boasting of his own exploits, concentrating instead upon the deeds of the troops, whose sacrifice and devotion to duty he so much admired.

In carrying out his assignment, he was often exposed to great personal danger, in one instance as a member of the famous Sibley Scout. This episode he reported in minute detail, telling of the narrow escape of the detachment, but never once exaggerating his own role in that near ill-fated reconnaissance.

Finerty was less effective, as Knight points out, when delving into matters in which he physically took no part; for example, when he recounts Custer's career and last stand, or Crook's biography, or the unrelated Beecher's Island affair of 1868. But this is a minor criticism because Finerty is a fine story teller. His journalistic training enabled him to produce what is generally considered to be one of the best, most accurate, and readable accounts of the conquest of the Sioux.

This eighteenth volume in the "Western Frontier Library" series contains over 20 reproductions of photographs of Indians, officers, and scouts who engaged in these campaigns. Unfortunately, only one line

map of a part of the Montana-Wyoming-Dakota region is included.

The University of Oklahoma Press is to be commended for publishing this new edition of an outstanding piece of Western Americana.

\* \* \*

**"SANTA BARBARA'S ROYAL RANCHO,"** by *Walker A. Tompkins*. (Howell-North Books, Berkeley, Calif., 1960. x + 282 pp., ill., index. \$6.00). Dr. Nicholas P. Hardeman, professor of history at Long Beach College, Long Beach, California, reviews this new book about California's early days.

Mr. Tompkins' volume is a "biography" of Rancho Los Dos Pueblos, spiced by somewhat glamorized literary portraits of its principal occupants from pre-Cabrillan times to 1960. The early chapters recount the familiar stories of Cabrillo and the Canalino Indians, of conquest and Christianization. The author's attention throughout the volume is fixed on the celebrities, both civil and criminal.

Young Nicholas Den, financially unable to complete his medical studies, left Dublin in 1834, seeking a new life abroad. He touched briefly at Newfoundland and Boston, then was attracted to California, where he arrived in 1836 aboard the "Kent." Upon the advice of Thomas O. Larkin, he selected the Santa Barbara area as his home. In 1842 Governor Alvarado granted to "Don Nicolas" the Dos Pueblos site on the El Camino Real. "Dr." Den took a wife, Rosa Hill, and became a respected and wealthy citizen. He reared a large family and a large herd of livestock, ministered to the medical needs of the populace and served as alcalde of Santa Barbara.

About half the volume is concerned with the period from 1842 to Den's death in 1862. Dos Pueblos and Don Nicolas are interestingly employed as vehicles to "pass in review" the principal processes and the prominent personages of mid-nineteenth century California. By land or sea, Dos Pueblos was stationed astride the arterials linking northern and southern California; it both tapped and fed the stream of history which flowed thither. The author appropriately states "... if the Dens had kept a guest book . . . , its entries would have read like a 'Who's Who in Pioneer California'." Hide and tallow trade, war, gold, long drives of longhorns to mother lode beef markets, criminal and vigilante escapades, and social life are retold with

a rare flair for the romantic. Tompkins presents an excellent picture of Santa Barbara during the 1840's.

The early sixties brought disaster to Dos Pueblos in the form of the death of Don Nicolas, catastrophic rains, drought, smallpox and grasshoppers. The number of cattle on the rancho was quickly reduced from 25,000 to 40.

The last third of the volume is devoted primarily to a succession of land deals and steals involving partial dismemberment of the Den estate and transfer of titles from one wealthy individual to another. There was the civic minded Colonel Hollister, who did much to modernize Santa Barbara but lost out to clouded land titles on the estate. There was John Williams and his Neapolitan dream during the land boom of the eighties, a dream which vanished in the "gray" nineties. At century's end the Southern Pacific tracks bisected the property. The twenty century is quickly concluded with stories of oilman Wylie, the severe Santa Barbara earthquake, the bootleg business, discovery of oil, the tragic leveling of the Den adobe by Wylie bulldozers in 1936, the strange events surrounding the Japanese shelling of Goleta, and the influence of present owner Samuel Mosher, "... who restored the glamour Dos Pueblos knew in the days of the Dons . . ."

Mr. Tompkins is a well known reporter and novelist who has turned to writing history. This transition, by his own admission, is not quite complete in this volume. His writing style is superb. He did extensive research, yet the volume is undocumented. Some technical and numerous minor factual errors are in evidence. Verbal conversations are often quoted verbatim where no documentary accounts exist. Quotations from documents (writings of Font, Larkin, McGowan, etc.) are altered without any notice to the reader. There are inaccurate statements such as the reference to "... Charles Nordhoff, California's first booster." The prevalence of such weaknesses is unfortunate since the volume contains much new and useful material.

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#### **BOOK OF PLACE-NAMES**

*Nebraska Place-Names* [University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1960, 227 pp., \$1.50] by Lilian L. Fitzpatrick is a convenient listing of place names in Nebraska, divided into an alphabetical list of counties with leading place names of each, and additional sections



(by J. T. Link) with names of cultural, hydrographic, and relief features. The Link sections are from his *Origins of the Place-Names of Nebraska*. Both this, and the Fitzpatrick section, have been edited and introduced by G. Thomas Fairclough. Another Nebraska paperback Bison Book, *Nebraska Place-Names* provides an inexpensive, useful reference listing of nouns from the Cornhusker state.

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**"MEET ME ON THE GREEN: THE SAGA OF BEADS AND BUCKSKIN —HISTORICAL INCIDENTS OF THE EARLY WEST,"** by Myra Cooley. (The William-Frederick Press, New York, 1960. 240 pp., \$4.50). Professor Norman F. Furniss, chairman of the Department of History and Government at Colorado State University and author of the recent *The Mormon Conflict*, evaluates this book.

Mrs. Myra Cooley, a Wyoming author who has lived in several Western states, has given us a book on many subjects. Although it deals extensively with aspects of the fur trade during the period after 1820, and uses the trappers' rendezvous as a weak connecting theme (thus the title), it does not restrict itself to one period or one place. Here the reader may find, among other matters, a discussion of the relative merits of oxen and mules, comment on Indian dress, something about the beaver's life and habits, notes on such Eastern tribes as the Mohegans and Delaware, and instructions for driving a horse-drawn freight wagon. Mountain men—Jed Smith, Jim Bridger, Jim Beckwourth—

appear in the pages of the book. But so do Jim Bowie and the creator of the iron chain that closed the Hudson River to the Revolutionary War.

It is difficult to imagine for whom this book is intended. Serious students of Western history will be dismayed by the factual errors (the curious explanation of Fort Bridger's part in the Mormon War, the belief that the Colorado River arises from the junction of the Green and Grand Rivers in Southeastern Utah, the carelessness with dates.) Young readers will have trouble following the book's chaotic organization. Admirers of good writing will find Mrs. Cooley an enjoyable story-teller on occasion, but they will also have heavy going with her whimsy and homilies: "Bugling bull elk have rock n' roll beat a mile" (p. 90); ". . . in Indian life the wolf-call did not mean 'Dig those Gams!'" (p. 118); "Maybe some day there will be a Rendezvous in the sky, or on the moon. Who knows?" (p. 125).

It is equally difficult to classify this book. It cannot be accepted as a narrative of "Historical Incidents of the Early West," as the subtitle claims, since it is full of inaccuracies. The foreword tells us that "It is not a novel, nor is it entirely fiction." At one place (p. 139) the author calls it a journal, but that definition is inapplicable. What the book does appear to be is a collection of Mrs. Cooley's miscellaneous information and inexpert comment upon any number of things, from John Jacob Astor to Hiroshima.

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**"INDIANS, INFANTS AND INFANTRY,"** by Merrill J. Mattes. (Old West Publishing Co., Denver, 1960. 304 pp., \$5.95.) This review is by Vivian A. Paladin, associate editor of this magazine.

After many years of distinguished service as Regional Historian for Region Two of the National Park Service and after more than 50 carefully researched and articulately written articles on Western history, Merrill J. Mattes has scored significantly with his first book.

A few years ago Mr. Mattes came in contact with a fascinating and bulky manuscript, given to the Library of Congress by General Reynolds J. Burt, U.S.A. (retired). It was the story of a marriage which lasted more than 50 years and included 40 years spent at various military posts of the West. It was written by General Burt's mother, Mrs. Andrew Sheridan

Burt, who followed her infantry officer husband to virtually every change of station from 1866 to 1898, bore her children on the frontier, and was an eyewitness to some of the great events of the Indian Wars which she recorded with surprising fidelity and detail.

Mrs. Burt based her story on a diary which she kept, mainly to allay the fears of her mother in Ohio, who was understandably worried about the dangers the Burts and their family were facing in far-off Fort Laramie, Fort Kearney, Julesburg, and Forts Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith along Montana's Bozeman Trail.

The diary itself cannot be found, but in 1912 Mrs. Burt wrote her manuscript based on her journals. It is remarkably solid reading. Careful researcher that he is, Mattes has built up Mrs. Burt's narrative from other original and standard sources, retaining her own story with such skill that the reader gets the full impact of the feelings this courageous woman must have had, torn between her wish to be with her husband and her fear that Mother might be right, that she should be back safe in Ohio with her small children.

The love story of the Burts began in March, 1862, when she helped nurse him back to health after he was severely wounded at Mill Springs, Kentucky. They were married in September, 1862. In 1866 Burt, by then a Brevet Major, marched with the 18th U. S. Infantry under Colonel Carrington from Fort Kearney to Julesburg. While Carrington led most of his command north to erect Forts Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith on the Bozeman Trail, Major Burt marched westward up the Lodgepole route and became the first regular army officer to resume post command at old Fort Bridger after its temporary occupation by volunteers.

Elizabeth Burt followed her husband everywhere, with his devoted approval and competent protection. But he was not able to save her from all discomfort, which included the usual lack of variety in foods, being lost in a blizzard near Fort Bridger and being threatened by Indians at Crazy Woman's Fork and at Fort C. F. Smith.

Mrs. Burt was no Pollyanna and anger shows through sometimes when her family



was endangered or when a new post turned out to be so inhospitable that even her wifely talents could barely make it livable. But that she ever doubted she should be with her husband never shows, and always something came up to brighten the days, sometimes a catch of fresh trout and once a supply of lowly turnips which constituted the first fresh vegetables the family had had in many months.

From the Montana point of view, the book's greatest value is found in two carefully researched chapters on Montana's Fort C. F. Smith which has had a strangely elusive treatment heretofore. Major Burt and his family were there from 1866 until its "strategic abandonment" two years later. Mrs. Burt gives graphic descriptions of the fort and Mattes has wisely built up both chapters by use of other sources to make this the best round-up of facts about Fort C. F. Smith ever written.

Withal, this is an intensely human book, too, tracing as it does the noble but largely unheralded work of a career infantry officer who, as the author says, was a far better soldier than Custer. He was a model husband and father and a competent and cool-headed commander. The reader is gratified to learn that he and his wife lived to enjoy the "golden years" at more comfortable stations, including Fort Missoula, Mont., where they entertained such people as Mark Twain and Lewis and Clark Historian Eliot Coues in the comfort of a well-established and danger-free post.

The book is enriched with more than 40 illustrations, many of them originals from the Burt Collection, and the author has thoughtfully placed his rich source material citations by chapter at the back of the book.



LOUIS SANDERSON AND MR. MARK pose by the vine-covered ranch house at the Flaherty ranch near Glasgow, some time after Mr. Mark was well broken and able to stand still. "The part of a building you see at the left was the spring house where a nice flow of spring water flowed into Cherry Creek," Sanderson writes. "It was a nice useful refrigerator and I often came there to find a big bullfrog sitting on top of the plate over the jello bowl."



LOUIS SANDERSON and his brother were looking for homestead land on the Fort Peck Reservation when this picture was taken on an unusually cold June day in 1917. The Sanderson brothers filed on land 23 miles south of Richland on the Reservation. "Wallace Kellison was our guide on the day this was taken," Sanderson writes. "He has on my fur-lined topcoat and walked behind the wagon most of the time trying to keep warm."

## A Bronc Named Mr. Mark And a Young Homesteader

*Herewith some extracts from a series of nostalgic and humorous letters we have received from former Montanan Louis Sanderson of Florence, Minn., who allowed as how he wanted to stay a reader of our magazine, but didn't know if he could since his 1960 crops in Minnesota and Montana were practically wiped out by hail, and his barn was totally wrecked by a tornado. "Also I ask myself," Mr. Sanderson wrote, "why should I pay loaned lucre to learn Montana history when I took part in the making?" Whereupon he launched into some of his homestead-era adventures in eastern Montana. We feel obliged to share parts of these with our readers:*

In the Spring of 1917 I landed in Glasgow looking for work to keep me busy until my brother finished his school term (teaching). I was directed to John L. Truscott, a notorious old merchant, and a very fine gentleman, who after a few questions of qualifications, directed me to the J. E. Flaherty ranch some six or seven miles out, which distance I made wearing shoe leather. Old Mrs. Flaherty was the ranch boss, Mr. having jumped the divide some time hence, and after learning I had handled horses plus farm machinery, I was hired.

"Go one mile west in this pasture and you will find 19 head of broncs," said Mrs. Flaherty. "Bring them home into that corral and I'll show you which to use

and you go to Mr. Truscott in Glasgow and bring out my seed wheat." So I hot-foots it out on my now-tired legs and gets almost to the end of the mile, where the broncs were picking buffalo grass.

One bronc started making me an object of curiosity and after making a few rounds around me, let me touch his nose, which I had observed was not the type of the accursed race (Roman) and I says to myself, "Maybe I get back faster than I came out."

Anyhow, Mr. Bronc enjoyed my petting his neck and I soon got back to the whiskers on his withers, and before you could say Oliver Twist I had twisted all over his withers and landed on his back just in time to get a quick start toward heaven. But I hung on to those withers and so came down in time to start up again, which program lasted for a few more jumps. Then Mr. Mark (his name) looked up and saw the other 18 head hightailing for home at top speed, and if you gents know horse flesh, you can imagine about how long before we were all home.

Speed was still noticeable when I dismounted and closed the corral gate and heard Mrs. Flaherty yelling at me, asking what sort of man I was. I says, "What's the matter, Mrs. Flaherty." And she says, "Why, man, that's a 4-year-old-bronc and has never had halter, bridle or saddle on." I told her I didn't know that but I rode him home anyhow, and she says, "So I see."

According to present day time spent in school it would have taken about two good saddle nags to have gotten me through the fourth grade. I still have the record books, showing we were allowed 40 days in school per year, and the rest of the time we had to help with the farm work. The big share of my school days were spent walking thousands of miles behind a walking plow, first a 14-inch and later a 16-inch. The average time per year at this job was from August 12 until freeze-up. It of course presented an opportunity to day-dream, and in that way I was owner of several railroads.

Well, it's time now to roll out the bedroll, as I did so many times on top of a load of wheat enroute to Scobey, 42 miles northeast, or Nashua, 42 miles southwest and sometimes woke up with snow in my face!

LOUIS SANDERSON



## Bits From The Editor's

## Mail Pouch

### ST. PETER'S MISSION

"Words can't express my enjoyment in reading the story of St. Peter's Mission [Winter 1961].

"My grandfather, Gabe Belgarde, settled close to the Mission in the late 1870's, and my grandmother was taken there, as a child, after the Riel rebellion of 1885 in Saskatchewan. She was taught by the good Sisters for many years, and I have in my possession three religious pictures given to her by Sister Columbo, dated and signed in 1893. Also several good pictures of the Mission.

"My grandparents were married in the little church pictured and in 1899, my father was baptized there. It is even possible that he might be one of the boys in the picture shown on page 71.

"Grandma mentioned Holy Family Mission many times and told me of her days at St. Peter's. Two years ago, I went to see this wonderful place for myself. Sitting on the ruined steps of Mt. Angela, I could look across the road to the church and imagine the Nuns, leading their charges to Mass. It was a very pleasant day indeed till I awoke to the very sad reality that the rectory was being used as a chicken coop!

"Some day, God willing, I hope to write down on paper the life story of my grandparents and have been gathering material with that goal in mind. Needless to say, St. Peter's Mission played a prominent part in their lives and will be mentioned extensively.

"Please! Publish more stories in this vein and I am sure that old church records would be most interesting to many people. Many thanks."

Mrs. J. C. Jackson  
1250 No. Center  
Casper, Wyo.

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"I am sorry to see you are now including in your very fine magazine articles by those arch-despots, the missionaries, who delight in destroying all native religions and cultures that are not in accord with their acquired dogmatism.

"Recent scientific studies have put forth a theory that life originated in the sun—so perhaps the sun worshippers are closer to the truth than many realize."

Harry Denhard  
R. R. 2  
Greenville, New York

We have received an unusual number of letters as a result of Father Schoenberg's article on St. Peter's Mission. Readers are aware that because of countless articles of this nature we have published, the editors agree with most readers that the impact of these men of God on our Western heritage was not only good but significant. See *Bishop on the Loose*, page 39, this issue.

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### JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

"I present eight television shows a week [World Adventure Series] in the Detroit area and at our civic museum I also operate an illustrated lecture course dealing with geography, exploration and travel. I happened to mention on television, in connection with a program dealing with Glacier Park, that I was a former editor of the *American Boy* magazine (1924-29) and after that of the combined *American Boy-Youth's Companion* until 1936. I added that I had bought many serials from James Willard Schultz, and that he was a good friend who, in the summer of 1936, spent two days with my wife and myself in Glacier Park showing us its beauties and landmarks renamed in the Blackfeet tradition.

"In consequence, one of my listeners sent me your Autumn 1960 issue, and took out a 3-year subscription for me. I went through the Apikuni articles word by word, and I also enjoyed the comments of readers as published in your Winter 1961 issue. James Willard Schultz was a grand person, as well as a good friend. His books not only set an example of vigorous simplicity in writing, but they are a valuable and irreplaceable contribution to Americana. . ."

George F. Pierrot  
Suite 620, Farwell Bldg.  
Detroit 26, Mich.

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"I happen to be in the throes of a [James Willard] Schultz binge, having read a dozen or more of his books during the past month, from the impetus of finding a copy of his *My Life As An Indian* amongst my paperback editions. I was sufficiently impressed with its worth to fabricate an index to this work—and since then I have indexed every other title of his I can find. Perhaps, eventually, I'll stencil them and have them mimeographed, as I'm certain other Schultz enthusiasts would find them useful too. Anthropologists, likewise."

William N. Austin  
Box 969, 920 Third Ave.  
Seattle 4, Washington

**MAY 26, 1805 ~ CAPTAIN LEWIS ASCENDED THE HILLS ALONG THE MISSOURI RIVER AND BEHELD WHAT HE THOUGHT WERE THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BUT WERE ACTUALLY A SEPARATE RANGE, THE LITTLE ROCKIES OF NORTHERN MONTANA. LEWIS WAS ELATED BY THE PROSPECT OF BEING NEAR THE HEAD WATERS OF THE MISSOURI, BUT ALSO REALIZED THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH MUST BE OVERCOME IN CROSSING THE SNOW COVERED RANGES ON THEIR JOURNEY WESTWARD.**



### HENRY BIERMAN

"I was very much interested in your winter [1961] copy of MONTANA and especially Henry Bierman's story, as it was taken from the same part of the country as we lived in, and near the same time. We knew a number of the old freighters such as Charles (Big Foot) Sherman, Press Lewis, N. A. Lewis, Hank Emerson, and many others. I remember very well M. W. DeWitt, the merchant in Lewistown, spoken of by Bierman. Father did some freighting during the hard times between 1894 and 1898, and later my oldest brother, Duncan, freighted for a number of years. I was impressed with the story of how Bierman camped at Rock Creek and went to the Hoag Brothers for wood to keep his apples from freezing. Rock Creek was where Albert Barney later had a store and post-office and where Dan Coffman and his father filed on homesteads and began raising the first wheat on Rock Creek bench. When we first moved to Little Rock Creek about two miles east of Rock Creek, I well remember the old Hoag farm. As boys we used to play around there, and I remember it as a very well built home for that day. It was double board, insulated with sawdust. I have enjoyed very much your magazine and look forward to receiving your next copy."

C. B. Evans  
9920 East Tenth  
Spokane 63, Wash.

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"... I can hardly wait till I get each issue. I was born in 1888 at Castle, Mont. It was a mining town and all there is now I guess is the ghost of it, and rusty tin cans. And then I lived at Malta where my father was in the sheep business for a number of years. Billy Lowell is what he was called, and he had many a fight with the cattle men. . ."

Ernest Lowell  
Leavenworth, Wash.

### BACK TO BOOK DEALERS

"In regard to Dr. Athearn's remark that 'Most booksellers are honest. Then there are those who deal in Western Americana,' [Summer 1960] I agree with him 100 percent. I buy books from these shysters when I cannot get the books I want from another source, but I certainly do not agree with their methods. It is my candid opinion that books and other reading material is written for people to read; not as a pawn in a literary poker game. I buy Western Americana for the purpose of building up a good collection for student research in a college library where I intend to place my collection in time, free of cost to the library. There is no profit motive for me. It is aggravating to see valuable research books made practically unavailable because a huckster holds available copies as a sort of gambling device. In the case of oil paintings where no utility value is tied to them, people place a trade value on them in respect to how they appeal to the eye and vanity. But in the case of books the appearance of the cover means nothing outside of a clean and good binding. The utility value of a book comes from what is found on the pages inside."

"Yet the shysters in the Western Americana market price many books as though people want to buy them for some display, to look at, instead of the reading matter. The facts are definitely against shyster book dealers selling Western Americana by their present method."

Clarence Tweet  
Reeder, N. Dak.

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### COLORADO CATASTROPHE

"So seldom do you read of an inaccuracy in MONTANA that I wonder if the story 'Colorado Catastrophe' by Sam Blessing (Winter 1961) is the fault of this magnifying glass of mine. The author seems to have committed the following errors:

"He calls the Wet mountains in Colorado the 'Wet-backs.' Like so many writers (until William Brandon came along and proved otherwise) he sends Fremont off in the 'assent' of Embargo creek instead of Alder creek at South Fork, Colorado. The expedition descended Embargo creek.

"And, he identifies Raphael Proue as the map maker of the expedition. The correct gentleman to stand up please, would be Charles Preuss. Otherwise, the story made as cozy reading on a winter night as last issue's James Willard Schultz article."

Albert Murray  
Parker, Colorado

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"The article entitled 'Colorado Catastrophe' describing John C. Fremont's ill-fated 38th parallel pass expedition in your Winter 1961 issue brings to mind an editorial I clipped from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* of October 18, 1960. It is rather an interesting postlude to the Fremont story:

"Last month when Congress hurried to adjourn its special session to get on with political campaigns, another in a long line of petitions to restore \$82,000 due the Fremont family died in the rush. The red tape of delay once more sealed off an injustice.

"Gen. John C. Fremont was known as a soldier, explorer and statesman. Among the many pathways west which he opened was the famous Oregon Trail. Known as "The Pathfinder," Fremont claimed California for the United States in the Mexican War. A Georgian by birth, he was a senator from California and in 1856 was the Republican nominee for president of the United States, losing to Buchanan.

"When he left his San Francisco Bay estate to serve a stormy session in the Civil War on the side of the Union, his 14-acre tract of land and mansion, together worth \$82,000, were taken over by the federal government. After the war was over, Fremont asked for the return of his property but was unsuccessful. The army needed it for a fort, he was told.

"Fremont then petitioned Congress to pay him for the property. The petition was approved twelve times by various committees but each time was stalled in Congress, usually by congressmen from the south who had no love for the slave-freeing Yankee.

"Fremont, loser of a fortune in railroad ventures, was saved from poverty by the writings of his wife and, finally, by his retirement pay as an army officer. But he never got his property back nor was he paid for it. He died in 1890. His son, Maj. Francis Preston Fremont, continued the effort until 1925. Maj. Fremont's son, Benton Fremont, picked up from there.

"A pauper, Benton Fremont entered the county hospital only a few miles from his family's government-held property, now the site of lavish apartments and assessed at \$2,300,000. But when, or if, Congress ever gets around to paying off the Fremont family, Benton Fremont won't care. He died October 7, 1960, ninety-five long red-taped years after the original petition was filed."

K. S. Kurtenacker  
4907 Homerdale Road  
Toledo 13, Ohio

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"My present address is Stanford, Montana, where my husband is stationed with Minuteman. I am a member of Washington State Historical Society and am junior past state president of the Daughters of the Pioneers of Washington (1870). Therefore I read with avid interest your splendid magazine. . ."

Helen H. Kelley  
Stanford, Montana

## SIOUX DEAD EXAGGERATED

"There is a footnote which has been bothering me for some time. It occurs in MONTANA magazine, Summer 1960, on page 50. It is in the article by Ernest M. Richardson . . . and states "from 500 to 600 Indians were slain at Sand Creek." I cannot reconcile these figures with the facts of the case to which my studies have taken me. I have read numerous accounts of this incident and consider the best to be George Bird Grinnell in "The Fighting Cheyennes." . . . There were in the camp about 100 lodges, 200 men and 500 women and children, of which 10 lodges were Arapahoes and the rest Cheyennes. Chivington's claim there were 130 lodges and from 900 to 1,000 warriors are fantastic. He reported 400 to 500 slain, others reported 100 to 800 slain, and the Indian Agent in a letter says "killed half of them." Mr. Grinnell states that George Bent, half Cheyenne son of Col. William Bent, the trader, who was in the camp when it was attacked . . . states that over 150 were killed, two-thirds of them women and children . . . It is notoriously known that the army and others who engaged in Indian warfare greatly exaggerated the number of the enemy engaged . . . in order to make a better showing. The Indian had no press agent. This is in line with the excellent article in the Winter 1961 issue of the magazines, *Muddled Men Have Muddled the Yellowstone's True Colors*.

"I wish also to call your attention to the Winter 1961 article *Historic St. Peter's Mission* by Wilfred P. Schoenberg. I quote from page 70: "The Gros Ventres and the Assiniboinies who were a distant branch of the Dakota or Sioux. . ." The Assiniboinies are Siouan, but the Gros Ventres, or Atsina, the preferred name for them, are an offshoot of the Arapaho, and are therefore Algonquian. There are two tribes called Gros Ventres (French: Big Bellies). The Gros Ventres of the Prairie, or Atsina, the tribe in question, sometimes were so called to distinguish them from the Gros Ventres of the Village, or Hidatsa, who are closely related to the Crows and are Siouan. The Atsina are located at Fort Belknap, Montana, and the Hidatsa at Fort Berthold, N. Dak. The identical names for these two tribes have caused much confusion. . .

Fred E. Peeso  
Libby, Montana

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## C. M. RUSSELL COVERS

"The letters about too many C. M. Russell reproductions shouldn't bother you too much. They seem to run evenly pro and con and then, too, remember that the many of your readers who don't write must be fairly well satisfied and happy to see whatever is used. I, too, appreciate the use of a variety of works but anyone will bet on a horse with winning ways. And who says the Montana Magazine hasn't been a winner? I, too, have a Blackfeet name and doubt if the Blackfeet will go on the warpath because of a few extra C.M.R. reproductions. . ."

Smith Willis, D.V.M.  
Kalispell, Montana

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"A friend from Spokane sent me a copy of MONTANA magazine, Winter 1961. I became more fascinated with each number I read. Keep up the good work, especially put in works of our own C. M. Russell. I have taught Blackfoot Indian children and others, and I much prefer the Blackfeet. I am familiar with the great evangelical work among the Indians done by the Ursulines and Jesuits in the days when teaching was not on the convenient level of these modern days. This is the reason I appreciate the article by Wilfred Schoenberg."

M. Imelda Hanratty  
St. Ignatius, Montana



### MISCELLANY . . .

"As a former Montanan, I enjoy your magazine immensely. I grew up in Eastern Montana. At first we were in Custer County, then Wibaux, after it was carved out of Custer and Dawson. I wonder if you have ever printed material about our section of the state? I realize there was not too much history made, although there were some colorful men who lived there before it all was spoiled by the plow and barbed wire: Pierre Wibaux, Cal Price, Mulkey, Charles King, Sr., Lord Cameron, George McCone, Oscar Brackett and the Kemptons of Terry, to name a few. Oscar Brackett ran the hotel in Ismay for many years. I once heard him say he had seen herds of bison which he estimated anywhere from 20,000 to 40,000 head. I have also heard some lively tales by some of the old cowboys, about the years when more cattle were shipped from the little town of Fallon than any other shipping point in Montana."

Ted M. King  
Springfield, Oregon

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"I was pleased to find on page 14 of your July, 1959 issue a picture of my Uncle John Reynolds with his four-horse (team) and stage coach. He was one of the first stage drivers in Yellowstone and had the honor of taking the greys to the world's fair in St. Louis and all over the East, visiting all the large cities. He passed away in Helena several years ago and is buried there. . . ."

Mrs. Karl Anderson  
2802 Glenwood Lane  
Billings, Montana

### SOME OLD-TIMERS

"Am enclosing a money order for another year of a great magazine. About the photos, the one [left] is of an old friend, the late Walter Palmer, who used to ride the range with Charlie Russell, and was a bronc peeler in the Buffalo Bill show. The picture [below] was taken in Sycamore Grove, La., in 1946 at the Chuck Wagon Trailers picnic. Left to right are Walt Palmer, Jack Dalton, Tex Cross and Con Price. I used to correspond with Noah Rose, Frank King and Tex Cooper, all late members of the Chuck Wagon Trailers. I feel sure a lot of your readers, especially the old-timers, would like to see these pictures."

John A. Gardner  
718 E. Sixth St.  
So. Boston, Mass.



### OVER OUR DEAD BODY!

"I saw an item in our local paper that sure shocked me, but I suppose it really is some kind of political maneuver. However, I think it will fall pretty flat with most of Charley's friends, and I am one. I am referring to the proposed sale (early in 1961) of that wonderful picture done by Charley Russell which hangs back of the Speaker's rostrum in the capitol. I have heard of men who had degenerated to a point that they would sell their own wife's virtue, but I have always thought better than that of Montanans. And over here most people have considerable respect for citizens from the Treasure State and the Land of the Shining Mountains. It was also my first love. I will just wager if you had that masterpiece in your museum that nothing short of a hurricane would get it out of there. And do you know that's where I think it should be and you can quote me on this. It is poorly lighted where it is and it is such a historical piece that people could view in the museum along with the others. Many people do not have time to go to both places to see the pictures, so tell the legislators for me that I think the Museum would be a better place for the picture. And sell it? Not on your life."

B. C. Stork  
1418 W. Riverside Ave.  
Spokane, Wash.

Our Gatling gun is loaded and ready. No one will steal our priceless Russells while there's red blood in our veins!

## J. K. RALSTON ART

"On page 41 of your April issue—the Ralston story—you refer to Capt. Clark, Sergeant Pryor and Sacajawea and her baby. This was 1806—the return trip. It has always been my thought that Sacajawea left the party in 1805 when the expedition reached her home country in the Montana-Idaho area. I think she was a Shoshone, and as you know had been kidnapped by the Mandans in a skirmish they had with her people and taken back to their country in Dakota . . . I seem to recollect that the expedition went on to the Columbia without her. In this event she could not have been with Clark on the return trip . . ."

P. E. (Pat) Burke  
1927 Harvard St.  
North Las Vegas, Nev.

We command Mr. Burke to read the journals. Sacajawea and son Pomp not only went to the Pacific but they returned with Capt. Clark down the Yellowstone in 1806—a valiant trip for mother and child which Ken Ralston has researched accurately.

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"Both Willo and I want to thank you for the story you gave us in MONTANA in the Spring issue. We are really thrilled with it and think you did a wonderful job. This article, with its many illustrations, is the highlight of any publicity concerning me. We had hoped it would be something comprehensive but had no idea it would be so extensive and complete . . ."

J. K. (Ken) Ralston  
2102 Grand Ave.  
Billings, Montana

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## RE SOUTHEASTERN MONTANA

I received a copy of MONTANA yesterday from a friend in Wyoming in which I read an article entitled *Custer Throws a Boomerang* by John S. Gray. This article contains a picture of my maternal grandmother, Mrs. Picotte-Galpin . . . I am especially interested in issues that contain the early history of Miles City or Ekalaka that may mention my father, Captain William Harmon. I happen to know Johnnie Bye has written a book *Buck Trailing in the Heart of the Short Grass Country* in which he mentioned both my father and myself. Mr. Bye and my family lived only some 25 miles east of our ranch the '22 Ranch.' My father came with his family from Bismarck to Miles City in 1884. One of his best friends was Teddy Roosevelt. (My folks used to tell me that when Teddy Roosevelt visited our home in 1887, Teddy held me on his lap.) Father also helped organize a Vigilante group for eastern Montana with the help of Granville Stuart . . . My father had a distinguished record, having been wounded at Gettysburg in 1863. He was marshal of the day at the dedication and laying of the cornerstone of the state capitol at Bismarck, N. Dak. and was the first vice president of the Montana Stockgrowers Association from 1885 to 1888. My father had a large store in Miles City and my oldest brother was cashier of the State National Bank there when Pierre Wibaux was president. He was a county commissioner in Bismarck and later in Miles City and a vice president of the Stockgrowers Bank in Miles City."

J. R. Harmon  
5608 N. Warren St.  
Portland 3, Oregon

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" . . . I do not hesitate to state that in my opinion you are doing more to preserve the TRUE story of the old west than any other organization has ever done before. Every good wishes for the future of Montana Magazine . . ."

George A. Carrico  
P. O. Box 158  
Sulphur Spring, Arkansas

## CUSTER'S DEATH: A NEW THEORY

"My father, Dan Mitchell, deceased, was the son of Col. David Dawson Mitchell, U. S. Army, often mentioned in the Rudolph Kurtz journals.

"My aunt, Mary Mitchell LaRoque, an Assiniboine Indian, was with Sitting Bull on the Little Big Horn. Her story is that Custer was killed in the Indian camp two, maybe three, days before the Big Horn battle. She was 12 years old at the time. I would like to know, in your research and study of the Plains Indians, have you ever heard a story such as I have related to you?"

Fred Mitchell  
R. R. No. 1  
Carson City, Nev.

We find this hard to believe. What do our readers think?

\* \* \*

## BILL TILGHMAN'S RIFLE

"I have just received my latest copy of MONTANA and while reading through it I came on the fine photograph of Bill Tilghman when he was a buffalo hunter in the early 1870's . . . The rifle Tilghman is holding in this photo was originally sold from the Sharps factory in Hartford to F. C. Zimmerman, Front St., Dodge City, Kansas, on June 13, 1874. It originally had a 32-inch barrel, and was calibre .40/70/330 2 1/4-inch bottlenecked case. Tilghman no doubt had it cut down to its present length when he had it re-rifled later on . . . It is interesting to note that the negative of the above photograph has been reversed at some time, and it shows the rifles in the picture with *left hand locks*, which is of course incorrect."

DeWitt Bailey II  
258 Glenbrook Road  
Stamford, Conn.

We appreciate this authoritative word regarding the left hand locks on the Tilghman rifle about which we have received numerous inquiries. Mr. Bailey knows whereof he speaks. He is an authority on the subject, and with Frank M. Sellers is preparing a series of volumes on the history and use of Sharps firearms.

\* \* \*

" . . . We have just received our Winter [1961] copy and I believe it is the best yet . . . Looking at the pictures [St. Peter's Mission article] reminded me . . . of a wonderful man, Father Paladino. Could there be some articles by people who remember some things and can find some facts of interest about the early churches in Helena—Catholic and Episcopal, Bishop Tuttle and Bishop R. Leigh Brewer, the Rev. Mr. Lane come to mind. And about the Presbyterian church where my mother, Effie Reed, was married to George B. Foote in September, 1872. My early childhood was spent in Helena and my father, George B. Foote, passed away there and was buried from St. Peter's church with Masonic rites in October, 1908. I feel there are many others of us older people who would be interested in the history of the early churches in Helena. Brother Van has been widely publicized but the very early churches seem to have been largely forgotten and believe me they really were important in early pioneer days."

Mrs. Matt Morgan  
Sasabe, Arizona

\* \* \*

"This evening I walked to the bookstore to buy my first *MONTANA*. I had seen it on the shelf when I purchased some writer's magazines and couldn't get it out of mind. I had thumbed through it that day but didn't have enough money with me to purchase it. I'm intrigued with historical stories. Yours is a true find . . ."

Sue Farris, Vice President  
Gem State Author's Guild  
Pocatello, Idaho

JUNE 13, 1805 — AFTER DISPERSING SEVERAL MEMBERS OF HIS PARTY TO HUNT FOR MEAT, CAPTAIN LEWIS PROCEEDED ALONE ALONG THE RIVER. GRADUALLY THE SOUND OF FALLING WATER AND THEN THE SIGHT OF SPRAY, RISING LIKE A GREAT COLUMN OF SMOKE, GREETED HIM. HE TOOK A POSITION ON ROCKS SOME 20 FEET HIGH OPPOSITE THE CENTER OF THE FALLS AND WROTE DOWN HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE GRAND VIEW BEFORE HIS EYES. LEWIS WAS NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS WRITTEN DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI. WORDS SEEMED INADEQUATE IN PICTURING THE SPECTACULAR SIGHT.



### THE "ROSE" RISES AGAIN

Readers who recall the story of the steamboats *Fern* and *Rose of Helena* (Spring 1959) may be interested to know that the latter, now a rusty derelict, has appeared above low-water at Hilger's Landing (Gates of the Mountains) and has been dragged up on the beach above the docks. The hull has almost rusted away, but the boilers, engines and part of the drive mechanism are recognizable. The *Rose* was under water for some 35 years or more, the tip of her stack being visible above the surface as recently as the late twenties.

Stan Davison  
Western Montana College  
Dillon, Montana  
\* \* \*

### THE ASSINIBOINES

"It was with pleasure that I opened my MONTANA magazine today and found the enclosure on James Long's [The Assiniboines] book. Jim and I are good friends and correspond regularly. I am writing this, not to get my name in print, but to endorse this very fine book. I was born on the Fort Peck Reservation where my father was Agent under Garrison, McKinley, and Teddy Roosevelt. I knew all the Old Ones mentioned by Jim and also Bill Standing. The legends he tells were told to me by Bear Rump (Dan Mitchel), Martin Mitchel, Duck, and others I do not remember. The dances described I have witnessed a number of times. Everything he describes is authentic. Both the Indians and my Grandmother (who first came to Montana in 1870) told me these things around the turn of the century. I have read many accounts of Indian legends, dances, etc., but I believe this is the best. It is written by an Indian who lived with his people. It has the Indian thought and idiom and was not written by someone who spent several weeks with the tribe and then put his own interpretation on what he saw and heard."

Charles R. Scobey  
5915 Harlow Drive  
Bremerton, Washington

### MUSINGS ON CALAMITY JANE

"When I heard that you were asked to review *Calamity Was the Name for Jane* [Summer 1960] I expected you to do far worse, for I knew that you and I belong to opposing schools of thought.

"Recently I refused to answer thirty-three questions by a South Dakotan, not only because he was rude but also because I thought he ought to do his own research (even if he is a college instructor). But that does not mean that I am not interested in the truth.

"You impress me when you mention 'proof' that the marriage certificate and the letter were forgeries. Does this mean that you have found (what I have not found) the names of the forgers, the circumstances of such pranks, and perhaps the motives? I don't deserve any free information from you, but I did not unearth such important details.

"First, I do not consider authentic the German shoemaker's report that he gave two pairs of overshoes to Calamity Jane in one day and charged them to the Pioneer Society, since no social agency would pay for two pairs in one day and he must have known that; besides, if a boy is walking barefoot in the rain it is because he wants to wriggle his toes, and no boy I have ever known would allow a ragged old woman to stop him and put his feet into overshoes the right size for her.

"Second, my credulity is strained when a man writes that Calamity Jane was a 'lowdown prostitute' and had work-gnarled hands; and that when a lemon peel accidentally hit her cheek every man in the place knew that his life was in danger because she would think she was being treated with familiarity. I may not know very much about prostitutes, but I know a lot about men. . . .

"Anyway, with thanx for your well-tempered review and kind regards."

(Mrs.) Glenn Clairmonte  
10822 LaReina Ave., Downey, Calif.

This letter was addressed to Roberta Bee Solid, author of "Calamity Jane," published by the Historical Society of Montana. Her review of Mrs. Clairmonte's book appeared in our Summer, 1960, issue.





## *Belatedly, We Strike The Mother Lode...*



**WE ARE PLEASED** to announce publication of the first and only index of this magazine ever done. We think it offers a rather rich reward for the countless people who have read, and generally appreciated, MONTANA since its birth in the cold winter of 1951. It will be particularly helpful to those who "discovered" the magazine in recent years and hence missed many of the rich early issues.

As a publication, done for harmonious reasons in the format and size of the magazine, (even including the C. M. Russell art on the colored cover) this is quite a whopper—with 72 pages and more than six thousand individual itemizations. The size, of course, is due to the fact that the index covers the first full decade of our quarterly, from Number 1, Volume 1, (Winter, 1951) through Number 4, Volume X, (Autumn, 1960). Even we were amazed at the amount of prime meat that had grown on this critter in ten years of lush grazing. It took a lot of painstaking riding, roping and herding to corral the pertinent subject contents into this 72-page roundup.

We believe that every reader (particularly the many dedicated ones who have saved all back issues) and everyone generally interested in The West as a subject will find our index indispensable. As for libraries, scholars, editors, researchers, collectors and Western writers, it should constitute an absolutely vital tool.

Subsequent indexes—*we hope*—will be done on an annual basis, and will be considered part of the subscription package. But because we were never able to do this until now, and the 10-year accumulation represents a considerable financial outlay, this index which actually cost us more than an issue of the magazine, has been priced at \$1 per copy, the same as the magazine. Yet we feel an obligation. **THEREFORE IT IS AVAILABLE TO ALL CURRENT SUBSCRIBERS AND MEMBERS AT HALF OFF, OR 50 CENTS PER COPY.**

We suggest that you send your order in immediately as the supply, by necessity, is limited. This 10-volume index is all-essential. It represents the key to those which we hope will follow hereafter annually. Please don't delay. Your order will be filled immediately as long as the supply lasts. You'll be amazed at the rarity, quality, depth and volume of this long-overdue index!

## *Another Prospect*

Having long dealt in sculpture, bronzes and prints of C. M. Russell art, we are pleased to add another dimension: music. Although we realize the trend is toward stereophonic recordings, the four records in this exciting series, are, as of now, recorded at 45 RPM on 7-inch diameter records which may be played with center hole adaptor on any standard long-play machine. Written by a long-time admirer of the Cowboy Artist, Ken May, and pleasingly sung by Cliff Carl of Montana's Judith Basin cattle region, they represent folk music that is at once authentic, fresh, harmonious, and mighty good listening. In short, this is Charlie Russell's kind of music, and it honors, with down-to-earth dignity, the great artist and his work. Nothing like this has ever appeared, so as a collector's item alone, they are outstanding. The price is modest: one buck (\$1) each, postpaid, and we suggest that you save both time and money by ordering the set of four (eight sides) at only \$3.75. If you order individually, here are the numbers and dual selections. Order by number: 1. "CHARLIE RUSSELL"; other side, "Mighty High, Mighty Wide, Mighty Handsome". 2. "LAST OF FIVE THOUSAND"; other side, "I've Come Back My Darlin'". 3. "LAUGH KILLS LONESOME"; other side, "Chief Crazy Horse". 4. "BRONC TO BREAKFAST"; other side, "Battle of Little Big Horn (Garryowen)."

*We predict they'll all be hits!*

## A Timeless Land Where History Lives . . .



**I**N THE LATER, range romance-laden regions with the magical names of Powder River, Yellowstone and Missouri, The Big Dry, Shonkin, Musselshell, Utica, Miles-town, Two Dot, Porcupine Creek and Flatwillow, where the endless Texas trailherds finally bedded down in the great roundups with native critters, the scene—as depicted here in the contemporary art of young Joe Beeler—has changed but little, too. The cowboys and dogies are still around. The cowtowns are just as hospitable, and the county seats are still far apart. Only the gun-slingers are gone.



Great Falls Breweries, Inc.

Frontier Town at McDonald Pass

Montana Bank, Great Falls

Foot Outdoor, Inc., Billings

Reber Plumbing & Heating Co., Helena, Great Falls

Great Northern Railway Co.

**T**HE SOUND and spirit of the Old West is fully manifest in Montana. From this morning's heart-warming song of the meadowlark to the ominous whine of a long-ago deadly bullet fired from desperado ambush is just a hop, skip and jump in the timetable of history. This remains the timeless land of cowmen, cattle, open-space vistas, and the big sky.

From the Dakota border badlands, across the vast sweep of once-buffalo range, west to the majestic mountains that fringed the first, frenetic gold camps, the Montana scene has changed surprisingly little in the epic century just passed.

In such verdant, trout stream valleys as Horse Prairie, Beaverhead, Big Hole, Little Blackfoot, Frenchtown, The Deer's Lodge and Blacktail Deer, one experiences the same peace and solitude that pleased the Mountain Men grazing the original herds in a paradise of grass and sparkling water.



**I**F YOU ARE plumb sick of sticky cities and surging suburbia; if you long to break the habit of your usual, over-run "resort area," we suggest a heady lift. Why not vacation in storied, unspoiled, inspiring Montana—where you come as you are and do as you please, where there's everything Western to do and to see? You'll be fascinated by the fact that our ranch kids today ride the same rangeland that once wrote the History of the West!

Your enjoyment of this timeless land where history still dwells will be amplified by the hospitality and services of the following Montana boosters:

Treasure State Life Insurance Company

The Montana Power Company

Great Falls Poster

Northern Pacific Railway Company

The Anaconda Company

Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.

